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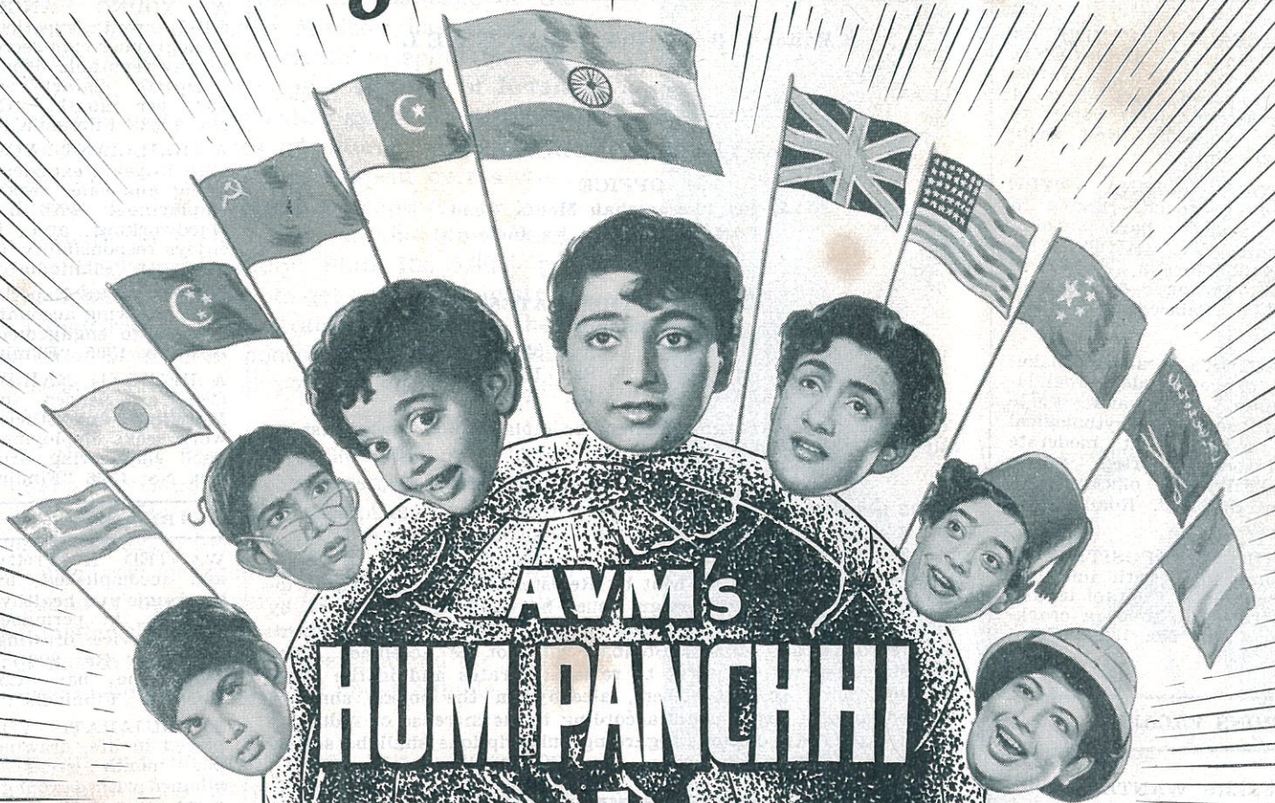

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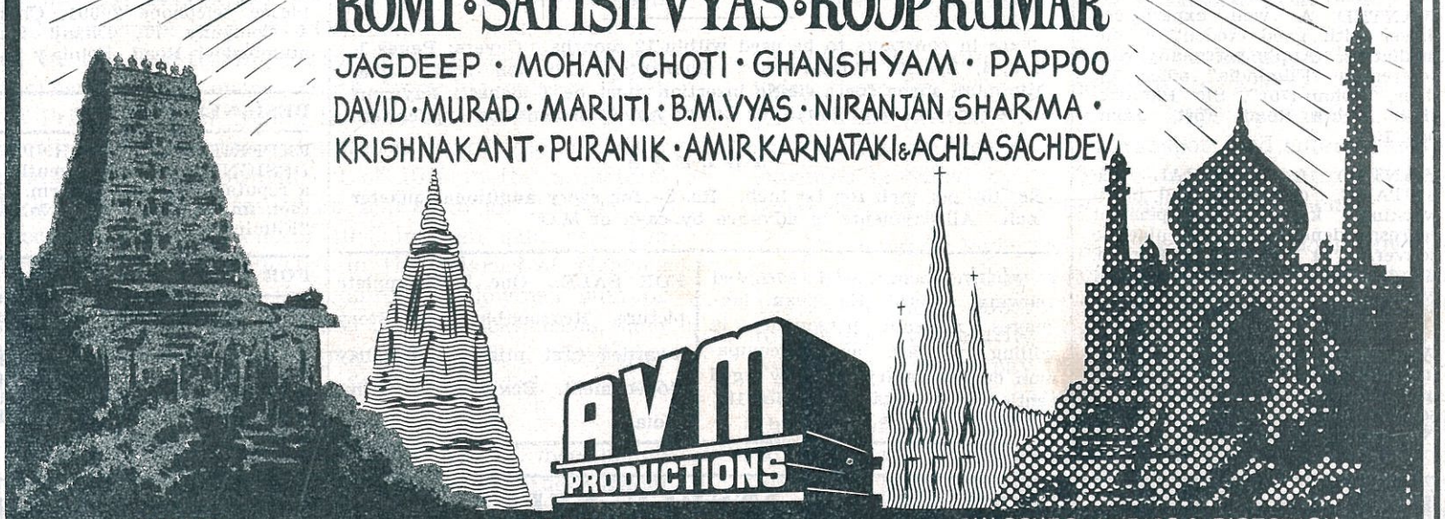

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Editor : BABURAO PATEL

Vol XXIII JULY, 1957 No 7

23rd YEAR OF PUBLICATION

OFFICE
55 Sir Pherozeshah Mehta Road,
Fort — Bombay — India
Tel. 26-1752

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THE MAGAZINE THAT SELLS ITSELF SELLS A THOUSAND THINGS

Austerity Or Perversity ?

The Gandhian Congressmen have introduced a new stunt in their power circus. It is called austerity. It is a clownish turn designed to meet the challenge of the Kerala Communists, whose Chief Minister has agreed to accept the salary of Rs. 500|- a month to spite the Congressmen. Why the Communist Chief Minister of Kerala at all condescended to take this paltry salary must remain one of the unsolved mysteries of international politics seeing that the Communists of Kerala spent over a crore of rupees during the last elections to capture power in Kerala? International Communism, on the other hand, would have willingly paid to any State Rs. 5,000|- per month per Communist minister to get as many ministries in control as they required. A straight bargain on these lines would have been more honest. But then socialist democracy needs a ceremony of popular support to make it a perfect mask of bluff.

Stung to the quick by this propagandist gesture of the Communists, our Gandhian Congressmen suddenly remembered their old Mahatma's prescription of austerity given during our struggle for freedom. This old Mahatma, whose single meal cost as much as Rs. 30|- and whose skin alone ate a pound of butter every day, had once said that a Congress minister should not receive more than Rs. 500|- as salary per month and that the President and the ministers should live in humble homes and under humble conditions.

Bringing out this old prescription, our Congressmen decided to overhaul their showrooms while keeping the godowns well stocked with the old goods. They suddenly decided to go austere to neutralize the Communists of Kerala and to throw some more dust into the eyes of the people. Besides, the new crushing taxation imposed on the people in the name of that national scandal, called the Five-Year Plan, needed some token gesture of self-sacrifice to stem the seething surge of revolt in the minds of the people.

The first retaliatory shot in this cold war between the Congressmen and the Communists, was, therefore, fired by our God-fearing President when he surrendered a thousand rupees every month from his salary. That gave Prime Minister Nehru the cue to launch a national austerity drive in the administration of the country. Beginning with a clownish cut of 10% in the ministers' salaries, Nehru soon issued an appeal to all the services to accept a voluntary cut of 10% in their salaries. The clownish cut of 10% effected in the salaries of Nehru's Cabinet members saves the country a clownish sum of Rs. 9,175|- per month. But then in a political circus, such token sacrifices have a great propaganda value. They give the politicians talking points for long-winded, rambling sermons from the Red Fort.

The same Nehru, however, at the A.I.C.C. meeting on June 2, 1957, while condemning the decision of the Karachi Congress, held in 1931, that the salaries of ministers should not be more than Rs. 500|- a month, said, "But today those Rs. 500|- are equal to Rs. 2,500|-". He thus justified his present salary of Rs. 2,250|- per month, with a palatial house free, with all transport and entertainment expenses provided by the State—not to mention a personal security guard of three hundred armed men.

By the same logic, the salaries of our various Government officers, should be today five times what they were in 1931. Are they? On the other hand they are now asked to sacrifice "voluntarily" 10% of their salaries and on the top of the sacrifice pay the present additional heavy taxation with a smile. And after heavy percentages thus chopped off from their monthly income, they are asked to be honest, sincere, efficient, loyal and polite. Which all means that the yardstick with which Congressmen measure the requirements of Congress ministers cannot

Old sweethearts bring back old memories and love takes a new start. Geeta Bali returns to the screen a brighter personality after her marriage and motherhood and once again revives old love in "Aji Bas Shukriya", a sensational social theme.

Don't be surprised if they look like snakes when they sprawl like that. All women have the snake in them—with the crawl, the speed and the poison. They need rare snake-charmers to tame them. And the process of taming is called romance. Ragini is ready for romance in "Mujrim", a tale of love thrillingly told.

be used to measure the dire necessities of our Government servants.

What the Gandhian goats do not realize is that all these "voluntary" cuts imposed by pseudo-moral blackmail on our services are going to have serious repercussions on the output and efficiency of our entire administration. The first casualty will be honesty, resulting in a national network of corruption. What is necessary to be understood is that every Government officer has to work and live according to the status of his post and while doing so keep his head above the level of temptation. This can be done only if the man is well paid and inspired to give his best to the nation and not by exploiting his servile helplessness to impose immoral "voluntary" cuts on his hard-earned salary.

But perversity is a virtue of our Congressmen. They always take a topsy-turvy view of life. They cannot possibly get another view with the Prime Minister himself standing on his head every morning. But all this amounts to running the country as a private estate of the Gandhian Congressmen, with slave labour employed on the estate. Where then is the freedom and democracy for which our people fought and suffered for a hundred years? We seem to have become a sadder people than we were under the British rule. And feeling that is a great pity!

What our Congressmen do not understand is that the State is the biggest and most profitable business in the world and it must be run on business lines to make our much-flaunted dream of a Welfare State come true. And people who run this business are the servants of the Government. If these people are hurt we injure the very roots of this big business. We cannot have ill-fed state employees and expect the administration to be honest and efficient. That is an impossible proposition in State economics. If we want good and honest work we must pay good and honest people well and not exploit them on a starvation level all the time.

One can understand every one contributing his mite to a national sacrificial "yagna" if the Congressmen had been really sincere in their intention of building a Welfare State. But are they really sincere in their purpose or professions of austerity? Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant says that "corruption is a vile vice in a democratic system which should not be tolerated". And yet 31 officers and 16 contractors, who were arrested in March 1956 for swallowing 10 crores of rupees in the Bhakra Nangal Project, have still not been tried and sentenced. There are 76 other cases of corruption pending about the Bhakra Nangal Project alone. May we know where Pandit Pant's period of toleration ends, now that eighteen months have passed?

The Vigilance Division of the Home Ministry in its report ending March 1957 says that they had received 4676 complaints of corruption during the year but only 9 gazetted officers were dismissed. What happened to the rest of the complaints?

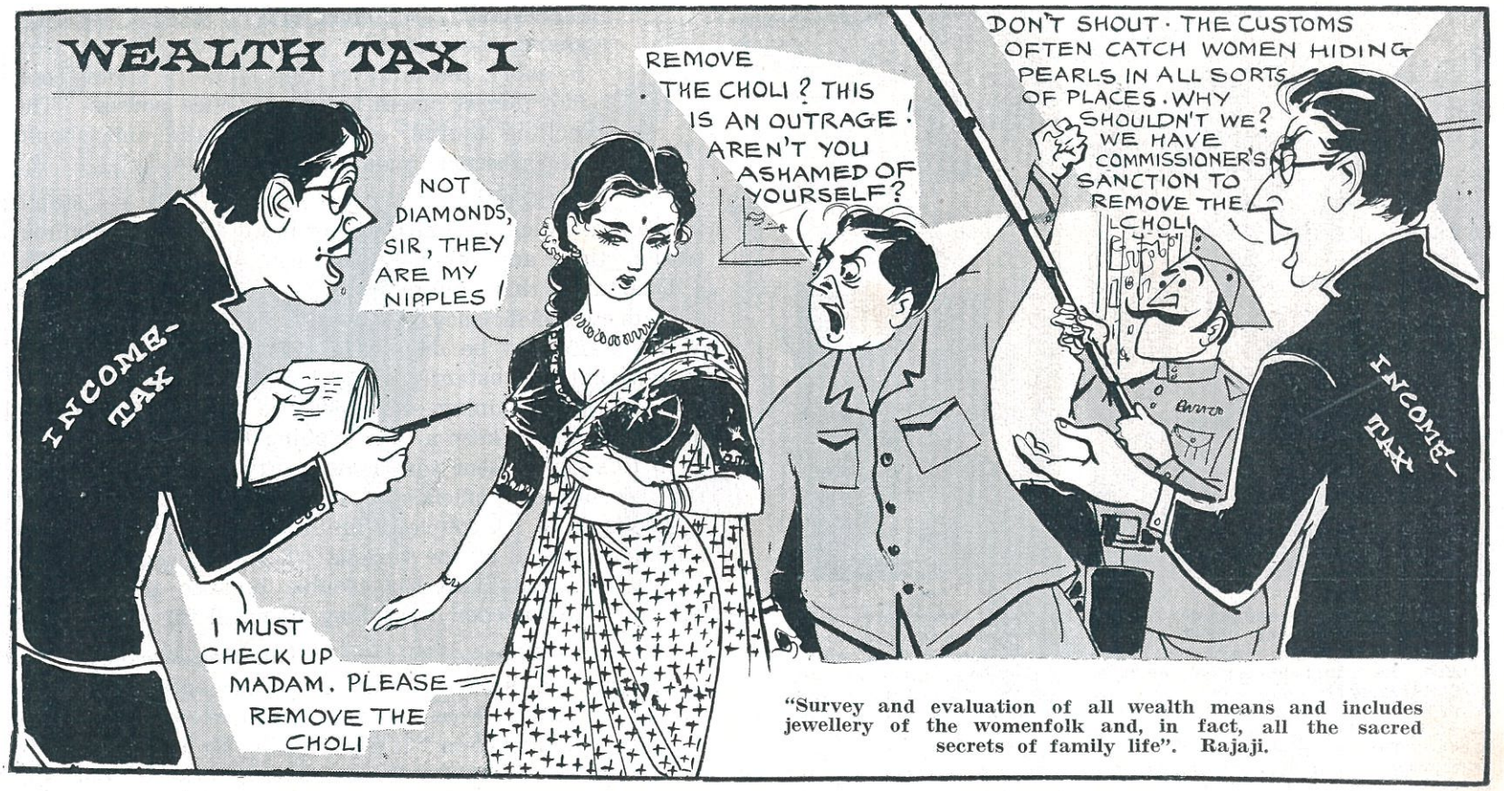
In the so-called cultural delegations alone we spent over 80 lakhs of rupees in three years (Rs. 14.85 lakhs in 1952-53; Rs. 20 lakhs in 1953-54; Rs. 45.49 lakhs in 1954-55). And what did we add to our culture by sending so many clumsy and uncouth Congressmen out of India for a joy ride?

We have been spending nearly 6 crores of rupees every year over more than 47 embassies spread all over the world merely to sell Nehru in the world market. And yet we were defeated over the Kashmir resolution in the United Nations; refused loans for our Five-Year Plan and suffered a severe fall in our foreign exchange because our embassies could not sell our wares.

The story of waste in our country is by itself a mighty epic of Congress fraud and corruption. Apart from the various Congress Governments, the Congress party spent over Rs. 40 lakhs of our nation's wealth in staging its annual Party 'tamashas', called the Congress Sessions, at Hyderabad, Avadi and Indore.

With such a glaring background of waste and corruption in the governments and ranks of the Congress, it is impudent to ask the people to tighten their belts and make sacrifices only to add more grist to the Congress mill of corruption. Why should the people or members of the various services pay their hard-earned money to perpetuate Congress fraud and corruption which passes under the pompous label of a Five-Year Plan? The benefits of the first Five-Year Plan are as invisible as the 2,363 crores of rupees spent over it. Rice, the basic space-filler, is more scarce and expensive today than ever before. The story at the end of the second Five-Year Plan won't be different, because the same crooks, who wasted Rs. 2,363 crores, are in the saddle.

The austerity slogan of our Congressmen is, there-


WEALTH TAX I
INCOME-TAX
I MUST CHECK UP MADAM. PLEASE REMOVE THE CHOLI
NOT DIAMONDS, SIR, THEY ARE MY NIPPLES!
REMOVE THE CHOLI? THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?
DON'T SHOUT. THE CUSTOMS OFTEN CATCH WOMEN HIDING PEARLS IN ALL SORTS OF PLACES. WHY SHOULDN'T WE? WE HAVE COMMISSIONER'S SANCTION TO REMOVE THE CHOLI
INCOME-TAX

"Survey and evaluation of all wealth means and includes jewellery of the womenfolk and, in fact, all the sacred secrets of family life". Rajaji.

fore, a clownish turn in the cold war between them and the Communists. It is intended to bring more money into the corrupt coffers of the Congressmen—this time even by robbing the servants of the Government by a 10 per cent "voluntary" cut.

What the people want is not such perversity but some honesty. We give below a very brief synopsis of what measures our Government can take to get some honesty and avoid a lot of waste and corruption. We are willing to lend our imagination to the Government, if necessary, to work out fully the different suggestions made here but the synopsis has to be brief in a small-sized magazine.

1. *Government Servants*: Don't insist on a "voluntary" cut of 10% in the salaries of Government servants. Give them on the other hand a 10% increase in salary to offset the present increase in taxes and cost of living. But then:

(a) Pay their salaries directly into the State Bank every month and ask them to make their major payments for household expenses by cheques.

(b) Ask them to submit a monthly return showing their expenses and savings from month to month. Scrutinize marriage expenses and gifts.

(c) Ask them to submit a total wealth statement at the end of every year.

(d) Make their substantial purchases like cars, jewellery, lands, subject to prior sanction of the Government.

(e) Punish them severely for negligence in duty; demote them when their actions have been reversed by higher authorities; prepare a time schedule for different routine jobs to avoid unnecessary delays; ask explanations for delays at every stage and fine them under a schedule of fines; remove their permanent guarantee of employment and make the jobs dependent on efficiency.

(f) Stop officers on tour from staying with friends; increase their travelling allowance and insist upon their staying at hotels or dak bungalows.

(g) Stop officers from over-fraternizing with the rich people. Stop them from going to clubs and bridge parties. In Delhi, the so-called honest officers win small fortunes every night by playing bridge with the ladies in millionaires' homes, one revenue official making as much as Rs. 10,000/- every month. That is subtle bribing—the ladies having instructions to lose money always and to make love sometimes.

(h) Stop all and sundry officers from attending social parties given by foreign embassies. These parties should be attended by only certain high officials for diplomatic purposes.

(i) Officers should be encouraged to form their own clubs with indoor games and cards and allowed to rob each other if necessary. But they should never be permitted to develop intimate social contact with the rich members of society. That is where the seed of corruption is first sown.

When the village moneylender has taken away everything—pots, pans and bullocks—the mother has still her two sons to do bullock-work to woo Mother Earth to soften enough and yield a smile. Nargis, the inimitable artiste of the Indian screen, gives an unforgettable performance in the company of Rajendra Kumar and Sunil Dutt in "Mother India", the greatest picture India ever produced in the last 40 years, directed by Mehboob, the new victim of Income Tax harassment. He must be punished for his unique enterprise in our Welfare State. Mehboob had no business to produce something that will raise the status of India in the world.

(j) Officers should be stopped from seeking newspaper publicity glamourizing their posts. Too many I.C.S., I.A.S., I.P.S. and other officers are in the news these days. In the British days we never saw even a photograph of a Police Commissioner in the newspapers. Nowadays, we cannot escape both his face and his views.

2. *Ministry of Watch and Ward*: We suggest a new ministry under this name for co-ordinating the work of all ministries, for watching the activities of various officials and for maintaining public relations.

(a) This Ministry should detect corruption among Government servants and take prompt notice of irregularities brought to its notice by the public.

(b) A small unit of this Ministry should be posted in every public department for the purposes of public relations to enable the people to contact the officer on duty on the spot and complain of delays and other grievances of the department under watch. Here spot-service must be guaranteed. This unit must be accommodated in the open lobby of the building, approachable by all, (no partitions) and must be fully conversant with the work of the department it is servicing to be able to guide people.

(c) The job of this Ministry should be prevention of delays, removing bottlenecks and restoring traffic of work, preventing and punishing corruption, watching and following the activities of Government personnel and promoting goodwill among the public by prompt and polite service. In short, the units of this Ministry should look like tourist offices but with police powers. The smiling tourist complexion of the unit should never become rude and rigid.

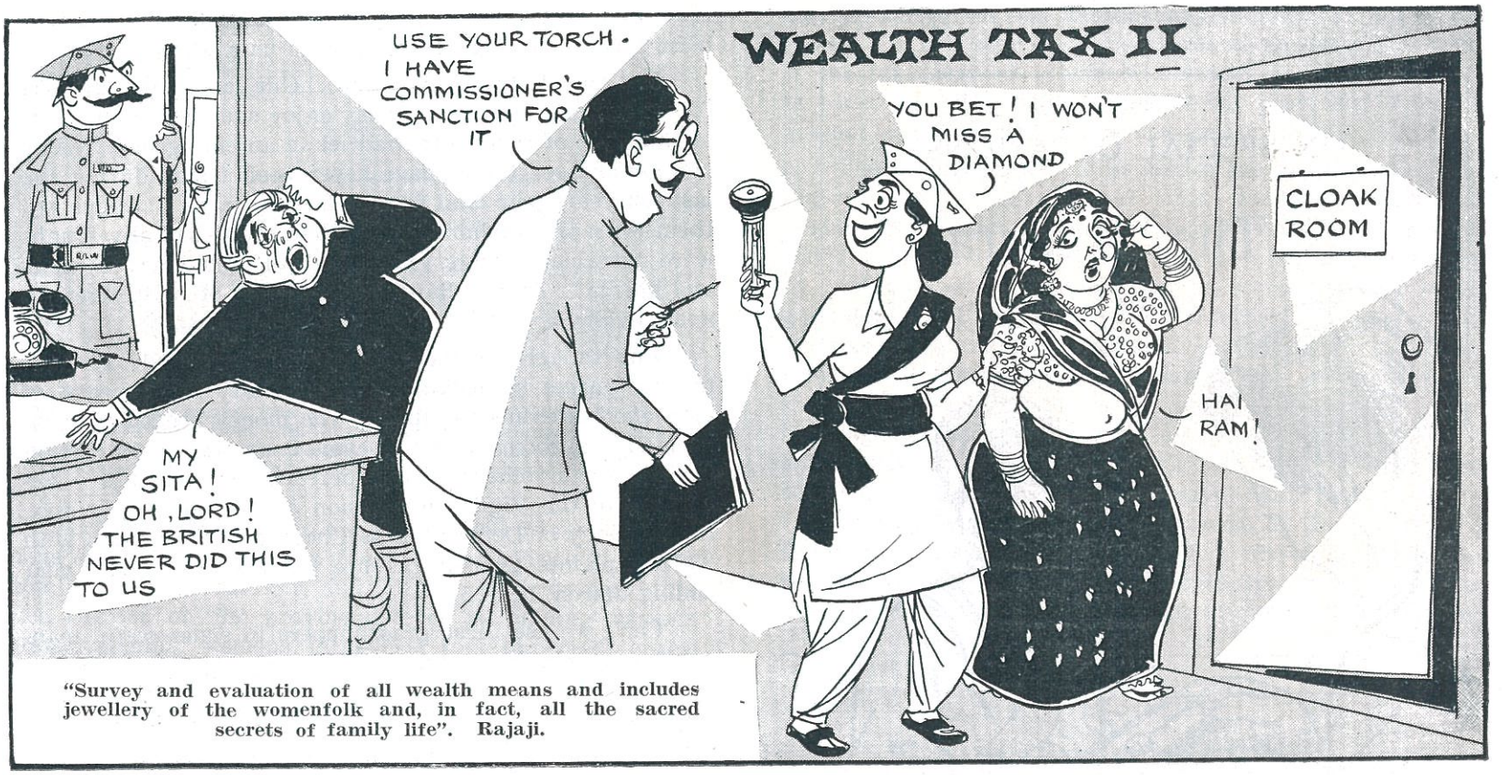
3. *The Accountant General's Office*: This is a stupid institution which, perhaps, causes more delays in administration than any other Government department. It is a department that suffers from its own conceit and never sees its own inefficiency. To improve this department, 60% of its staff must be dismissed overnight for the simple reason that it constantly stands in the way of work and 40% of the remaining staff must be warned, on pain of dismissal, not to keep a case pending beyond a month. It is in this department that many petty clerks take bribes from even police officials to sanction payments of their travelling bills. A couple of units of the Watch and Ward Ministry—placed in the various offices of the Accountant General will set right the trouble because these clerks will not like somebody watching them all the while.

4. *The Finance Ministry*: This department of the Government is the twin sister of the Accountant General's Office. It suffers from conceit, self-importance, suspicion and Solomon's wisdom. It has nothing to learn from any other department of the Government because it holds the purse-strings of the State. It is the Ministry of Finance which causes all the waste and delays in the execution of our projects. The purchase of an eight-anna packet of pins needs a correspondence of six months involving stationery worth Rs. 30|- and manpower worth Rs. 300|-.

Like the Watch and Ward Ministry, the Ministry of Finance should post its Finance Units at all principal projects of the Government with powers to sanction all expenditure on the spot within the budgeted amount and for items of expenditure previously earmarked, and make the various other ministries directly share the responsibility of spending the budgeted money on their own projects. Doing this will cut down the red tape and avoid great delays. A monthly report of expenditure may be called for by the Ministry of Finance for over-all supervision of finances.

5. *The Five-Year Plan*: This will never succeed unless its various units are placed in charge of military directorates for speedy execution. All projects under the Five-Year Plan should be handed over to our military authorities for execution under the over-all supervision of our Planning Ministry. Our stupid labour laws, based on an anarchical conception of a state, promote laziness and give labour a cockeyed view of its rights without realization of its responsibilities. These laws should not apply to the labour employed for our Five-Year Plan projects on the grounds of national emergency.

6. *Food*: This is our greatest problem. It is making Gandhian Congressmen competitors of Communists. We are trying to grow it 20 years hence by building dams across our rivers. If we wait that long, these dams are


WEALTH TAX II
USE YOUR TORCH. I HAVE COMMISSIONER'S SANCTION FOR IT
MY SITA! OH, LORD! THE BRITISH NEVER DID THIS TO US
YOU BET! I WON'T MISS A DIAMOND
CLOAK ROOM
HAI RAM!

"Survey and evaluation of all wealth means and includes jewellery of the womenfolk and, in fact, all the sacred secrets of family life". Rajaji.

going to be useful to the Communists. We are also trying to satisfy emotional hunger for land by the glamorous racket of Bhoodan. But Bhoodan does not grow more crops. It only changes documents of ownership. We have enough land and manpower to grow all the food we need. What we need is collective farming for units of 100 acres managed through agricultural cooperative societies under stringent state laws. It is only in units of 100 acres that modern methods of agriculture can be successfully tried out. This is a complicated problem to tackle but it is only at the field end that our food problem can be solved. Our Food Minister is trying to solve it at the stomach end, forgetting that food has to grow before it is ready for the table. In the meantime some one should look at our 3,500 miles of fish reservoir all along our coast line. In this reservoir there are billions of fish waiting to be caught and eaten. The Japanese not only take food from the sea but also pearls. Why can't we do that?

7. *Housing*: A careful study of our housing problem shows that we are short of housing only in urban areas, particularly in industrial towns like Bombay, Calcutta, Ahmedabad, Kanpur, Madras, etc., without, of course, counting the slums spread all over the country. One more law insisting upon all industrialists to provide housing to their employees while building their mills and factories will solve eighty per cent of our housing problem in a year. That leaves only the white collar workers on the streets. For them, the provincial governments have already undertaken various projects of middle-class housing and some of them have not even been able to use up fully the financial allotments made by the Central Government. That shows that we are not short of money. We are short of good administrators. The slums in the cities can again be tackled by strict legislation with offers of financial aid to those landlords who are not in a position to rebuild their properties. As regards slums in our villages, they must wait for another hundred years. They can, however, be spaced by removing congestion and thus giving the villagers the full benefit of fresh air.

8. *Health*: This is the most neglected department of our national life. In this land of eternal sunshine and smiling rivers, we are perhaps the unhealthiest people in the world. That is because no one has ever encouraged outdoor sports in India. Our sport has a social and club complexion. Recently it has taken an ugly political complexion. It has nothing to do with health and we are therefore wasting a thousand blessings of sunshine.

Suppose the State decides to organize various Health Festivals on provincial and all-India levels, offering trophies, cash prizes, titles and official recognition for games and athletics like hockey, cricket, football, badminton, tennis, cycling, skiing, running, wrestling, swimming, weight-lifting, physical culture, mountain climbing and other sports, millions of young men will come out of their homes into the sunshine to give the nation a better look. And why can't we have youth festivals like Russia, China, Germany, Finland and other countries? This doesn't need much money. All they need is a little organization, a few trophies and full State recognition. At present sport has been turned into a cornerstone of a gambling den or a rock 'n roll ballroom for masturbating nerves to the rhythm of some Goody Seervai's band. Some one should

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think on these lines because we are wasting a lot of sunlight for which God doesn't charge us a sales tax.

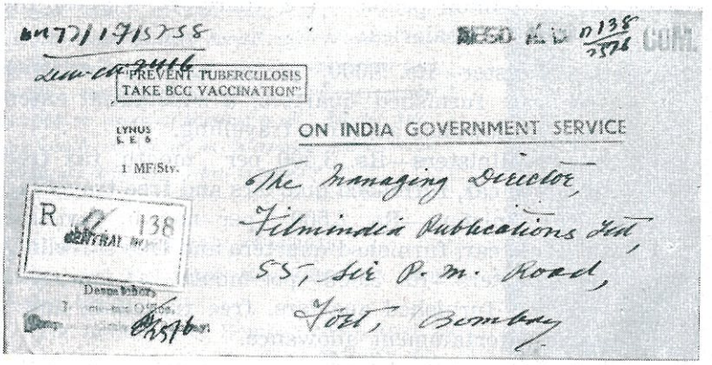
9. *Our Defence Services*: Our land, air and sea forces are much boosted. They enjoy some status bacause of the myth of their potentialities in an emergency. While our air and sea forces have never been tested during the last ten years, our land forces claim to have distinguished themselves in Kashmir. But what they actually fought were untrained raiders armed with old fashioned muskets and knives? That is hardly a good test of skill, strength and chivalry.

But though we have no battles to provide for our defence forces immediately, we evidently have plenty of bars and ballrooms for them. The money needed in these bars and ballrooms seems to come from fraud and corruption in the purchase of our defence requirements. According to the Vigilance Division of the Home Ministry, the Ministry of Defence ranked second in corruption with 332 complaints against Defence Officers in a single year ending March 31, 1957.

Can't we use these grasshoppers in some useful manner, away from bars and ballrooms of society? Can't we combine defence exercises and manoeuvres with community work and use the energy, which our defence personnel wastes in throwing out beer and other liquors, in improving our village life? Why can't we ask various defence camps to take up a hundred square miles of area around them and improve the life of people living in that area? Why can't we use the discipline and organizational ability of our top defence personnel for forming units of military directorates to execute our various projects under the Five-Year Plan? And why can't we insist upon our defence officers keeping out of the warm and treacherous arms of sirens supplied by foreign embassies in social get-togethers? If our defence boys do this, they will not only save their energy from being unnecessarily wasted but also save some State secrets from going into wrong quarters. It is necessary to use this tremendous amount of manpower lying idle—manpower for which we pay every minute in the prayerful hope that it will be useful some day.

10. *National Consciousness*: Indians are perhaps the least nationally conscious people. They have no national pride. An Anglo-Indian writer, himself a product of British adultery, can call them "black bastards" and get away. An Italian film director can pick up a married Bengali woman from her home and put her into a room next to his own and yet go about with an unbroken skull. National pride comes after political awakening. Our people still don't feel that we are a free people. And they are not realizing that they are still lying prostrate before the "samadhi" of Mahatma Gandhi and still look upon his political heir as a god amongst men.

We can create this national consciousness by taking our democratic politics to the door of the people regularly instead of scratching them once every five years during



The Austerity Humbug! This registered letter, bearing postal stamps worth 13 annas, was sent by Income Tax Officer S. B. Jain to Filmindia Publications Ltd.—a distance of 4 furlongs from the Income Tax Office. The letter contained a three-line inconsequential message. Why couldn't the letter be delivered by hand?

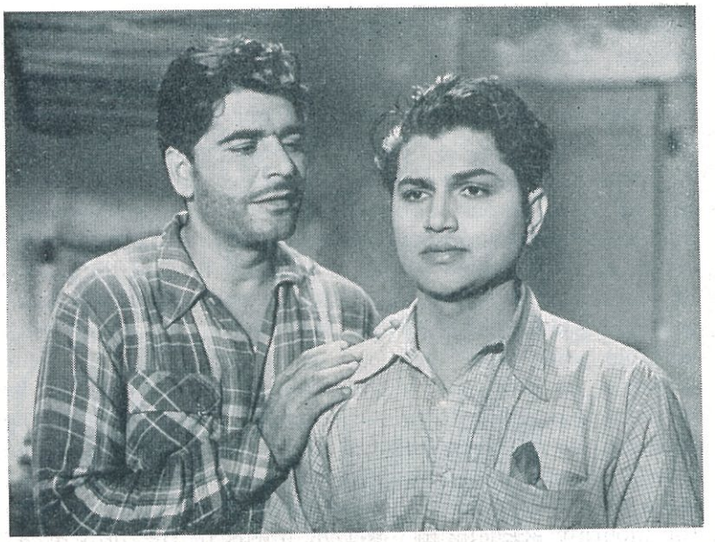
the elections. One way to do it is to hold two-month sessions of Parliament in the four principal cities of India: Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras and develop this idea further on the provincial level by holding various State Assembly sessions, in at least four important cities. For instance in the Bombay State sessions could be held at Bombay, Ahmedabad, Nagpur and Aurangabad. This move will create national consciousness in the people and democracy will assume a greater meaning than it has done so far in this vast country of 360-million people. At the moment, New Delhi is so far away in the minds of our people, that the proceedings of our democratic Parliament hardly interest them, except when new taxes are clamped on them. As most of our legislative activities are merely talking "tamashas", giving such performances at various important centres will not cost much. But these "tamashas" will revitalize the people in these centres and their surroundings bringing new inspiration and prosperity to these areas.

11. *Stopping The Leaks*: It is not exactly a state secret that we are losing crores of rupees every year in Prohibition—the blind spot of some of our pseudo-moral Congressmen. Prohibition has failed miserably. It has done no good. It has driven the drinking habit deeper into the family—to the women and the children—according to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, our Ex-Health Minister, who has recently got an attack of Gandhian truth—a dangerous malady in Congress India.

Then there is the External Affairs Ministry, Nehru's domestic department, which wastes over 6 crores of rupees a year in providing jobs to nephews and favourites. We hardly need four full-fledged embassies in countries like England, America, Russia and China. The rest of the countries can be serviced with compact and well-trained units of trade-cum-political agents. Here the cost can be cut down by at least 4 crores of rupees every year.

Then there is our Parliament—a two-ring circus with old rheumatic political athletes performing harmless acrobatics in what are called Upper Houses. This vermiform appendix of our democracy is a vestigial organ which can be safely cut off without any damage to our body politic. It will save us some crores of rupees every year if the total cost of provincial councils and Rajya Sabha is added up. The deliberations of our provincial councils are not even reported in the newspapers.

The inordinate delays in justice are at present draining off a lot of ouf national time, wealth and energy. Justice is the most expensive article of faith in India. We sell it at a cost which makes it a luxury beyond the means of millions of our people. Let us reclassify our legal grievances and put some in the free list and some with suitable price tags but let us apportion each a time schedule of limitation during which the end should be in sight and while doing so let us take justice—a divine blessing—to the very doors of our people by putting it on wheels instead of placing it on thrones in big cities. Can't some of our High Court judges travel from town to town for monthly sessions in different towns of the provinces? Doing so will save a lot of money in travelling expenses, because for every judge or magistrate that travels towards the people, at least five hundred litigants will stay in



The unfortunate go to the fortunate for sympathy but modern life is so callous that the best of them have no stock of sympathy left with them—sympathy that costs nothing but a warm sigh of an understanding heart. Ajit seems to have come to the wrong young man when he meets Anant Kumar in "Bada Bhai", a thrilling social theme.

their home towns and save money which they would have otherwise spent in travelling expenses.

We have a thousand ideas of saving national waste but we cannot find space for them in a small magazine. Our services, however, are at the disposal of our ruling Congressmen if only they realize that there are others outside their clique who can lend some imagination to their thoughts.

But in the midst of this new fever for stopping waste in India, we do not like the idea of having a Prime Minister getting only a monthly salary of Rs. 2,250|-. That is a stupid evaluation of a talent trusted by 360 million people. If intellectual work is reduced to this absurd level of recompense, inspired by the mock heroics of austerity and equated with the bull-power or horse-power of farm and factory workers, we shall never get enough well-trained and experienced intellectual workers for administrative purposes. Nehru, who gets fame and hero-worship as additional compensation for his political gymnastics, can afford to indulge in mock heroics of austerity and self-sacrifice for the short period that is left to him. But others cannot do so because running a State is a serious business, which needs time, talent and energy, which must be well compensated.

And to do that we must first get rid of Congress penguins like Dhebar who tell the people to live on Rs. 250|- a month and choose poverty as a blessing. A modern nation can never prosper with its ultimate dream fixed at Rs. 250|- a month. That may be money enough for penguins to live but not for the citizens of a nation who will have to fight Pakistan one day to retain their freedom.

We want our Prime Minister and other Ministers compensated in proportion to the size and dignity of our nation of 360 million people. We, therefore, suggest the following scales of salaries:

1. Prime Minister—Rs. 5,000|- per month, tax free, with a free car, furnished quarters, a substantial entertainment allowance and free travelling.
2. Cabinet Ministers—Rs. 3,500 per month, tax free, with a free car, furnished quarters and free travelling.
3. Deputy Ministers—Rs. 2,500|- per month, tax free, with a free car, furnished quarters and free travelling.
4. Chief Ministers—Rs. 3,500|- per month, tax free, with a free car, furnished quarters, free travelling and a suitable entertainment allowance.
5. Other Provincial Ministers—Rs. 2,500|- per month, tax free, with a free car, furnished quarters and free travelling.

The quarters can be simple but comfortable, the cars can be economic and the travelling can be less pompous but the salaries must be proportionate to the work and the responsibilities of our ministers. And the salaries must be tax-free to give the salaries some substance and meaning. It is only on this scale of salaries, and it is a minimum scale, that we can inspire the intelligent youth of our country to enter politics and be leaders and administrators of our country. In America, they say, every boy, however poor, has a chance to become the President. And many poor boys have become Presidents of America. But the salary of the President of the United States is $100,000 a year with an additional entertainment allowance of $50,000 and a travelling allowance of $40,000 per year. Apart from the power and glamour which this great office enjoys, the big salary is the main incentive to the youth of the country to aim for the highest post in the land. Wherever they may end in life, the national aim is so high and honoured that it inspires millions of Americans to lend more purpose and enterprise to their lives. And all this with a population of 165 million people.

In India, a country of 360 million people, we pay our Prime Minister a pittance of Rs. 2,250|- per month. That is putting premium on poverty and imbecility.

Let us therefore not indulge in mock heroics of austerity and self-sacrifice, merely to match our face with the anarchical Communist, by taking a token percentage from the salaries of those who serve the nation. Let us, on the other hand, increase their salaries and lend intellectual work its natural dignity and status and then demand from our intellectual workers absolute honesty and character in their work on the pain of maximum punishment and instant dismissal if necessary. But no State in the world can ask its intellectual worker to give his best, in work and character, by asking him to make sacrifices for the crimes of others. For, the dismal failure of our first Five-Year Plan is a crime of 150 Congressmen who are ruling the roost these days—and not of the syces who are attached to the Augean Stables.

"Girnar" Baburao Patel
22.6.1957

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

What is Yeshwant Rao Chavan's complexion like?

The dowagers of Bombay think that he has the complexion of Lord Krishna. Power lends divinity to any skin.

Why is salt missing in Indian Airlines Corporation?

Tongues coated with corruption don't like the taste of the salt of honest labour.

If Vinoba Bhave does not touch money, how does he maintain himself without it?

That is a yogic art peculiar to India. This country has enough to give those who apparently don't want anything.

A. L. CHANDRASEKHAR (Bangalore)

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur has begun to make a noise?

Her silencer is out of repair. They will send her to the workshop soon.

ROOP H. KALYANI (Calcutta)

Isn't Marilyn Monroe too sensitive?

See Jayne Mansfield. Her switches are fixed a foot in front of her.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

Is opposition really emasculated in our country?

The princes are castrated, the industrialists are frustrated and the common man debilitated. Do you expect an opposition from such a crowd?

How about your new Governor?

He is a man with a broken heart. He will go back to Varanasi soon.

What do you admire in Motilal?

His self-deception. It keeps him young.

Why this gubernatorial role for Padmaja Naidu?

There were too many spider webs and cockroaches in the Raj Bhavan of Calcutta.

Is Krishna Menon a hard-hitter?

Monotony of noise has not killed anyone yet.

Can you suggest an excellent nervine tonic to me?

Take homeopathic Phosphoric Acid 1x, 4 pills three times a day for one month. But tonics don't help, son, new thoughts do.

S. T. ARASAN (Madras)

What is the price of plain drinking water in Paris?

She is not crystal-gazing. Women have their crystals behind their eyes in which they see dreams of the future. But for that have they to pose like cats waiting for the prey? Kalpana Kartik returns to the screen in Navketan's "Nau Do Gyarah", a sensational social theme directed by Vijay Anand.

Parisians never sell water because there are no buyers. It lies in the Seine.

CAFE DE PARIS
WINES & WOMEN
MY BOSS WANTS COLD WATER TO DRINK
I WANT THANDA PANI, MR. SHICRAYTARY
WATER! WHAT'S THAT? AH! I REMEMBER. TELL BOSS TO GO TO THE SEINE. WE STORE ALL OUR COLD WATER THERE. HERE ONLY HOT STUFF

Are there air hosts serving in the Indian Airlines Corporation?

Shanker Prasad, the Chairman, is the only air host. He has turned the Corporation into a nursery of air-toys.

P. S. SONAR (Dewas)

Is Nutan going to marry?

She won't, if I can stop it. A film star can play the role of a housewife well but can never live it. Not one star's marriage is a success yet—be it in India or in Hollywood.

S. D. SHUKLA (Chandranagar)

Why does every new ambassador visit Rajghat almost immediately after his arrival in India?

He wants to get a glimpse of the man who left monkeys behind.

J. R. PATIL (Bombay)

Nur Jehan looks well-fed. Is she intelligent too?

An intelligent woman won't complete a circle in life and reach again where she started.

Goondas have become corporators. Funny?

And wolves have become rulers. Surprise is the best part of democracy.

MISS PUSHPA ADVANI (Bombay)

I would like to kiss you in the moonlight?

Don't you think that when a Banjara meets a Sindhi for the first time, they should use the daylight? Moonlight is used only for emergencies.

The Maharashtrian folk dance set to the rhythm of a "lavni" (Maharashtrian folk song) is perhaps the most exciting nerve-builder for the rice-eaters of India. It has expressive rhythm with a kick of sex in it. Framed with the grace and charm of a superb artiste like Kamla Laxman, this Maharashtrian folk dance is going to make box-office history in "Chandan", a rare romance directed by M. V. Raman and produced by Fali Mistry for Dossi Films.

M. S. GOPAL (Secunderabad)

How is it that you have not become a sadhu yet?

Congressmen have vitiated even that spiritual institution by their interference. Now I have decided to fly off straight without breaking the journey and staying at some "dharamshala" for a while.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is out for scrapping prohibition.

The old girl is getting an attack of second youth.

A. RAMA DAS (Nellore)

Where is Veena now?

She is doing her term in Al Nasir's prison.

MRS. V. RAMANATHAN (Mannargudi)

Why do Bengalis never look beyond their nose?

If they did then they would discover that there are other people in the world too.

Like Nehru why can't S. K. Patil have a short stick in his hand?

Give him time. Patil has just dropped the goonda's bamboo. As power grows, the stick becomes smaller and finer.

Sandhya looks bored!

One can't play long with a bald doll.

What is Nargis' 99 years' look due to?

She has just got out of a lend-and-lease contract. She will improve now.

Has truth a face?

Yes, but a very apologetic one in Congress India.

Can truth be buried?

Yes, the Jeep Scandal was.

If S. K. Patil becomes a Muslim?

Then India will have to be called Saudi Arabia.

Are we worse than Hungarians?

Yes, because we are hunger-aryans.

C. V. WASUDEV (Bombay)

Why are Para and Protima often seen with foreigners?

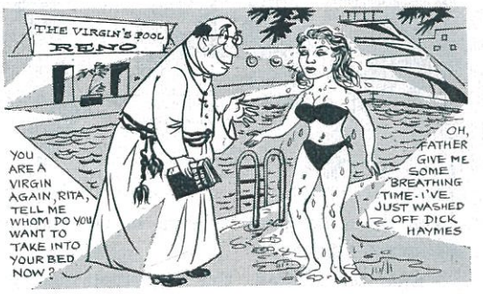
They must be working in the Ministry of External Affairs to improve foreign relations.

Do you condemn homosexuality?

It is a superfluous activity in a country so well stocked with the opposites.

Are there virgins in Reno?

Reno is the Ramkund of Hollywood. Every dip in its swimming pools brings new virginity to the film actresses.


THE VIRGIN'S POOL
RENO
YOU ARE A VIRGIN AGAIN, RITA; TELL ME WHOM DO YOU WANT TO TAKE INTO YOUR BED NOW?
OH, FATHER GIVE ME SOME BREATHING TIME. I'VE JUST WASHED OFF DICK HAYMES

What do the crocodiles in Bombay eat?

Lipstick!

How to recognize Russi Karanjia?

Russi has the moustache of one of the Marx Brothers.

Where is Pushpa Hans now?

She has got over the vice of films but acquired the Voice of America.

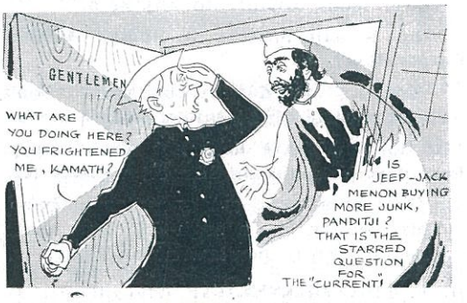
D. S. R. MOORTHY (Vijayapuri)

Is K. C. Reddy impressive?

His wife is. She inspected Amrit Kaur's bedroom during her absence in the hope of living in the same compound with our President.

What is H. V. Kamath doing nowadays?

He is haunting now and frightening those who come to the coffee room. All ghosts do that.


GENTLEMEN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU FRIGHTENED ME, KAMATH?
IS JEEP-JACK MENON BUYING MORE JUNK, PANDITJI? THAT IS THE STARRED QUESTION FOR THE "CURRENT"

J. PANCHARIYA (Hyderabad)

Which is more important in a doctor's mixture: Colour or medicine?

Neither! The bill which changes your complexion.

K. LAKSHMI (Proddatur)

Should girls eat onions?

Onions spoil the honeymoon. But after a few children they can add garlic if they like.

LOUIS AROKIASAMY (Singapore)

You once said that the British would quit Malaya in five years' time. How are you able to predict so well?

In another five years the Chinese will occupy it.

H. A. JAISINGHANI (Bombay)

Ever been swindled by a Sindhi?

Not yet! They have always been good to me. And I don't think Sindhis are swindlers though their distress often makes them ingenious.

MRS. MOHAN (Bighapur)

Your answers tickle me, Babs?

Read T.T.K's budget speech as an antidote if the tickling worries you too much.

K. K. HUSSAIN (Hyderabad)

Bandernaike! What a funny name?

It means a Port Commissioner! What's funny in that?

A. A. MUJEEB (Hyderabad)

If Nehru had been in Egypt and Nasser in India?

Suez would have been British and Goa would have been ours.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE BABY NEXT DOOR

Goodness ! the baby next door is always crying. Wakes me up from *my* sound sleep. And in the evening, when we're out for a walk, the ayah really gets fed up with him. He's so peevish and fretful. Wish my mother would give *his* mother the tip to change to Glaxo. I remember how difficult I was myself before I was put on to Glaxo, the pure nourishing milk-food to which vitamin D has been added to build strong bones and teeth, and iron to enrich the blood.

I RECOMMEND

Glaxo

THE PERFECT MILK-FOOD FOR BABIES

SUNSHINE
Glaxo
BUILDS BONNIE BABIES
PURE, STANDARDISED, UNTOUCHED BY HAND
ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR INFANT FEEDING, SAFE
AND SUITABLE FOR GROWING CHILDREN,
INVALIDS AND GENERAL ADULT USES.
The contents of this tin are specially prepared to maintain their freshness under all climatic conditions.
It is important that this tin should be stored IN A COOL DRY PLACE and the lid tightly replaced immediately after use.
A GLAXO BABY
RICH IN VITAMINS

For a free copy of the Glaxo Baby Book send 8 annas in stamps (to cover postage) to 'Glaxo', Worli, Bombay 18.

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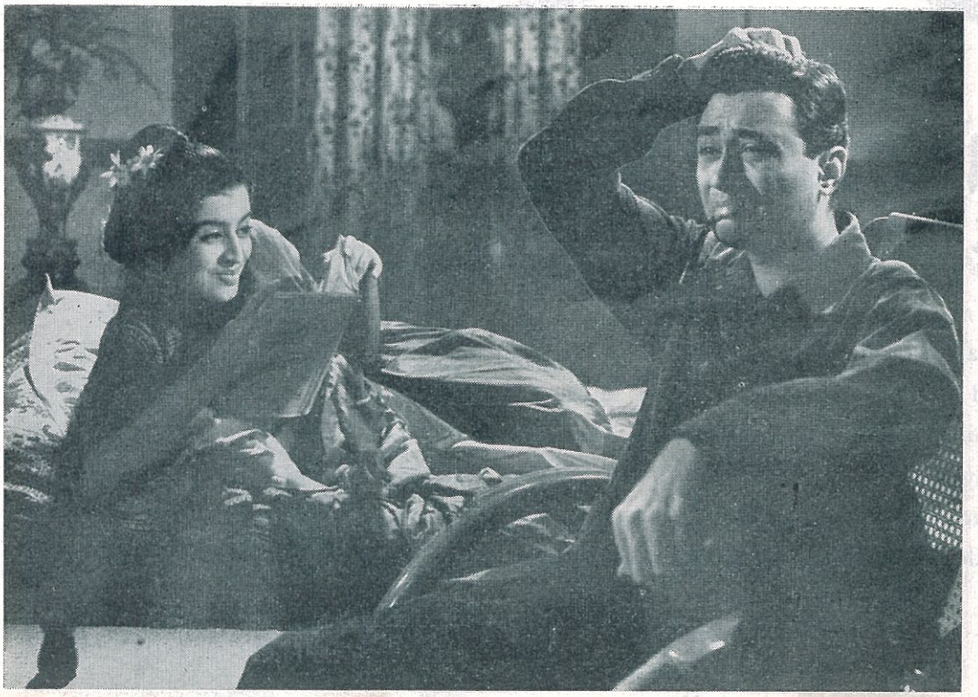


It is obviously a family situation in the bedroom which has left the woman smiling and triumphant and the man with a sour aftertaste. But let us not do any guesswork with Kalpana and Dev Anand in that location. Last time we did so, Kalpana had to be flown to Switzerland. Let us see them in "Nau Do Gyarah", a romantic tale directed by Vijay Anand.

Do you believe in a pretty secretary?

That is my cardinal article of faith.

MISS M. S. UMA (Davangere)

Yesterday night I saw you in my dreams —and not with your Iris. Why?

In dreams two is a crowd. Elsewhere three is a crowd.

MRS. KHEMA GANJU (Bombay)

What did Sir Alexander Fleming discover?

Penicillin—which turns death into a delayed bomb.

ARVIND KARTIK (Lucknow)

What is your opinion of the latest budget of the Union Government presented to Parliament on May 15, 1957?

It is a good kick in the pants to the Congress voters.

Do you admire Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit's talents?

The invisible has always attracted me.

KRISHNA RAO (Masulipatam)

How can one say whether a girl is sexually fit or not?

Marriage is a fairly good test to find out the duration of fitness.

I like to see you in the mud.

Join the Income Tax Department. Your desire will meet with sympathy there.

A. L. SETHI (Kharagpur)

If Tendulkar comes across a snake on his way?

He will write to Nehru, rush a letter to the Times of India and ask Chief Minister Chavan to kill the snake. In Nehru's India, Tendulkar cannot be embarrassed.

IN RUSSIA, SNAKES LIVE IN THE ZOO, CHAVAN. I MUST WRITE TO NEHRU
PLEASE DON'T, TENDULKAR. I SHALL KILL IT
EH, YOU GUYS, ISN'T THERE A DEMOCRACY IN THIS COUNTRY?

C. R. Mandy envies you?

He wonders why I like women so much when there are so many good men around. Mandy is a man's man.

What is the fig-leaf?

That is the botanical beginning of our textile industry.

What is your grievance against Ashok Mehta?

He gets frequent attacks of honesty.

Vinoo Mankad is a Gujarati?

Who else could bowl the googly?

Like K. A. Abbas why don't you write some novels in English?

I don't like to waste words on romance. I am impatient.

What is this most talked-about word co-existence?

In India, it is spelt Kerala.

Why do we build temples, mosques, churches, gurudwaras, etc., when God is omnipresent?

Don't we want to lock Him up so that He doesn't loaf around nosing into Congressmen's affairs? Imagine God on the Bhakra-Nangal site, the temple of Nehru!

Will Muslims burn Nehru's effigy one day?

Pakistan Muslims often observe this "holi". The festival will travel to India some day.

Is R. K. Laxman a good cartoonist?

Every cartoonist has his day.

Who is this Jam Saheb?

He is the only Saurashtra saheb with jam on his bread.

What do you think when you see tears in Kardar's eyes?

I pity the crocodile who lent them and wonder whether she will ever get them back.

S. M. ROW (Masulipatam)

I haven't got any neighbours' daughters?

Then stick to Hinduism. Christianity requires something in the neighbourhood to love.

STOP, UNCLE, JIMMY IS A ROMANTIC CATHOLIC LIKE US- WHAT IS WRONG IF HE KISSES ME?
I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING THE COMMANDMENT OF CHRIST. I AM YOUR NEIGHBOUR, SIR
I AM ASHAMED OF YOU FATHER THOMAS. DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE ON YOUR TABLE FOR XMAS
YOU FOLLOW MY COMMANDMENT AND KEEP AWAY FROM MY NIECE OR I SHALL BREAK YOUR SKULL

VIR B. S. CHAUHAN (Mainpuri)

Shantaram is planning to take Nutan for his next picture?

That will be the end of her natural talent. Shantaram will turn her into a Kolhapuri monkey.

I want to grow fat?

Don't you get Solan beer in U.P.?

Is Krishna Menon a bachelor?

Our Jeep-Jack is not married. Celibacy is a secret of his own bedroom.

In independent India, many journalists availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting foreign countries at the expense of the Government. Why do you lag behind?

I don't believe in a honeymoon at our people's expense. Besides, foreign journalists will have to borrow guts from me. They have none to give me.

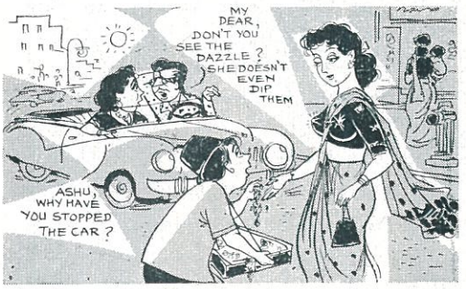
My elder brother says that the game of politics is so dirty that women should never take part in it?

It is all right for old dowagers. You can't make them more dirty.

MRS. SHALINI R. BHAVE (New Delhi)

Why are women more dazzling than men?

Their fittings are different.



A. M. AIYANNA (Somwarpet)

Prohibition in Coorg! Mr. Patel?

That is the beginning of castration. Where are your martial traditions gone?

Have you tasted Coorg honey?

Only the bottled one.

P. S. GOEL (Meerut)

Is woman a negotiable instrument?

Only in Arabia—the cradle of Islam.

Has God no mercy for the poor?

In God's museum there are no price labels.

If a tax is imposed upon gossip?

The ministers and bureaucrats will be insolvents every month.

HARILAL (Suva)

You are a sinner, they say.

Every Christian starts life with that discount.

G. RAMA RAO (Kothagudium)

What is rock 'n roll?

That is a new masturbation of nerves.

K. SUDERSHAN NAIDU (Hyderabad)

T.T.K. has recently announced that he is not a friend of Rajaji.

Arrogance and intelligence never shake hands.

P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

Do you want to die in your sleep?

And miss the thrill of dying, like Dr. Ambedkar?

In "Pyasa" Waheeda Rehman embraced Guru Dutt?

Now don't run away with the idea that cats have more grace. No cat in the world can beat a woman in this pose. The cat has to close her eyes to emphasize her innocence while a woman can do that by keeping her eyes open and blank. What Padmini is about can be known only by seeing "Ragini", a love tale produced by Ashok Pictures.

That was only a hangover of the rehearsals for the picture.

Who is this Raja Sulochana?

That is 150 lbs of TNT.

Is it safe to walk behind a woman in Bombay?

It is very dangerous. In Bombay the worm turns too quickly.

K. A. KRISHNAN (Madras)

Dravidians like you because you are not a Brahmin?

And Brahmins like me because I write like a Brahmin.

MRS. S. R. MAKASHIR (Amla)

What do you think of the various taxes?

They are nails in the coffin of the Congress.

I admire V. Shantaram. It seems that you do not?

I like his work sometimes. But to like the man, I have to be stupidly charitable.

Have you seen a wolf boy?

I am a member of the biggest Wolf Club—the Congress.

What is Nagpur famous for?

Oranges on trees only.

G. C. PANDIT (Bombay)

What is the proof of virginity?

Faith never has any documentary evidence.

J. D. THAKUR (Bombay)

How do you check on your sons?

I read the newspapers for accidents, prohibition raids, street-Romeo incidents, etc.

K. A. D. RAJAH (Tanjore)

What is gossip?

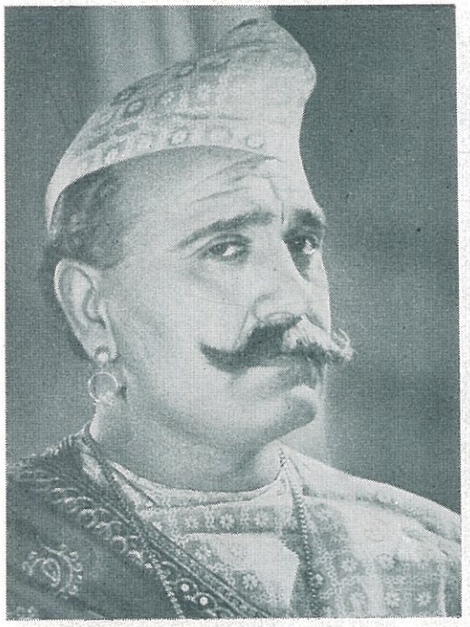
Gossip is a scraping from a coated tongue. It has foul bacteria which kill character.

What will happen if people think before they speak?

We shall have a world full of Meherbabas.

Which do you think is a woman's most powerful weapon?

Tongue is the teaser, the rest of her is the tickler.



There is more cunning in that man's one eye than in a hundred eyes put together. Om Prakash is wondering how he can get the better of the other fellow in "Aasha", a thrilling tale of love told by producer M. V. Raman.

K. M. RAO (Dhanbad)

When Kamini Kaushal weeps?

Her engineer-husband rushes to start hydro-electric works over the waterfall.

FLICKERING STILL ? SQUEEZE YOURSELF A LITTLE MORE DEAR · I WANT MORE CURRENT
I CAN'T CRY MORE · YOU WANT TO LIGHT YOUR HOME EVEN WITH MY TEARS · YOU WANT PROFITS · OH, DILIP, LOOK AT THIS MAN !
SOOD SHOULD HAVE MARRIED A CROCODILE

Why has God created mountains?

To show man his size.

Is Vyjayantimala asking for trouble?

She has been defying us with her shields like an Amazon of art.

If a woman becomes the Prime Minister of India?

The Government will at least have a definite sex.

Does Indira Gandhi scratch her head?

Why should she risk an eczema herself when she has Matthai's Malayalee head to scratch?

Have Bengalis forgotten Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee?

Emotional people get intermittent fits of memory. Besides, a chronically hungry people cannot afford to live in the past.

Does Pant swallow Nehru's words?

He does but then he takes three hours every day to pass them out.

Whom does Nargis love?

The new choice is not nationally announced yet.

Is anyone still weeping for Sardar Patel?

I am one and there are millions all over the country. And those in Goa are shedding tears of blood.

Has Rummy Sood sharp eyes?

Yes, but the other edges are blunt.

Who discovered Namboodripad?

That is a tumour thrown up by malignant hunger.

My wife disturbs me, Babs?

If marriage has failed to cure her, no other homeopathic remedy will succeed.

Is Mrs. Violet Alva charming?

All mothers are. There is an altar in their faces.

When is snoring worth hearing?

Snoring is the music of thieves.

KOOON ! KOOOON ! KOOOON !
IN WRONG HOUSE, ABDUL · THAT FELLOW SNORES LIKE A WATCH DOG
GRRR ! GRRR ! GRRR !
SACH YAAR, AND THAT WOMAN SOUNDS LIKE A POLICE SIREN · BOTH MAKE A HOMEGUARD TEAM
NOW TAKE YOUR THINGS AND SCRAM. I AM FEELING VERY SLEEPY

What is the national festival of Bharat?

At the moment, it is Nehru's birthday.

Do you worship the cow?

No. An animal so consistently exploited for milk deserves pity, not worship..

SUBHASH J. RELE (Bombay)

Have you lost interest in Anglo-Indian girls?

Where is the capital to expect the interest? The best of girls have gone "home" to England and Australia to dig out their seed.

Define Hindu India?

A country where 320-million non-Muslims sleep and breed.

What is your friend Sir Shri Ram worth?

He disowns thirty crores of rupees.

What use can we make of Vinoba Bhave?

We can make picture postcards and sell them in America.

What do Kashmiri Pandits dream?

They dream of empires with slaves, courts with jesters and glory with girls—and all this and more under the handy mask of democracy.

What happens when a woman is caught bluffing?

She blushes and gives us one more bluff of beauty.

If Mahavir Tyagi comes across a lion?

The lion will close its eyes and retire in disgust. The King of the jungle doesn't like peeled potatoes.

What is Panchashila?

It is an Indian song without an international chorus.

What is Gwalior famous for?

A beautiful Maharani and an ugly crowd of dacoits.

What is a harem?

A godown of sex-gadgets.

Does N. V. Gadgil talk sense?

Sense without power is nonsense.

Have you ever felt the pulse of an air hostess?

I have felt the femur. The pulse is too fugitive.

IT MUST HURT, MY DEAR, AFTER AN HOUR'S ROCK 'N ROLL IN HORIZONTAL POSITION. TAKE IT EASY KID, OR YOU'LL DROP SOME OF YOUR WEIGHT INTO A CRADLE
AH! WHAT THERAPY IS THIS ? IT HURTS, BABS !

BAGH SINGH CHOWDHARY (Lallgarh)

Menon says that if a voter does not cast his vote, he should be prosecuted in the court. How come?

I agree with him. An undelivered vote causes cancer in the womb of the voter and makes democracy a bastard child of a corrupt few.

My son was born on 10th March 1957 at 10-35 P.M.

Keep drugs and liquor out of his reach.

B. PRABHAKAR KAMATH (Udipi)

If Pakistanis had a little sense?

They would not be flourishing their last card first.

B. BENIWAL (Jodhpur)

Is Kashmir a land of beautiful girls?

That is a well-nursed myth for tourist purposes. I have not yet seen a really beautiful girl from Kashmir.

Gay abandon! Youth is a nature's impulse which does not allow brakes from society or civilization. And place this youth in a village and you get a glimpse of the Garden of Eden with Eve. Mala Sinha's bubbling youth is going to give the nation a new romantic ache in "Chandan", a romantic tale directed by M. V. Raman.

J. B. WILLIAM (Bangalore)

I saw an American wearing a Gandhi cap.

That is a Christmas cap to the American. Many of them are on a holiday in India.

Why do the Hindus have so many gods?

The Hindu sees God in everything—even in a corrupt Congressman. His definition of God does not shrink Divinity down to a single invisible entity in heaven.

K. V. RAMANA PATRO (Kharagpur)

Bharat Bhusan is a philosopher?

All widowers are. Philosophy fills the other half of the bed, imagination does the rest.

I don't find justice in India?

Where do you find it? The human race is not known for it.

Why does Maulana Azad wear cooling glasses always?

He must protect himself from the heat of 320-million Hindus.

Rajgopalachari forecasts well?

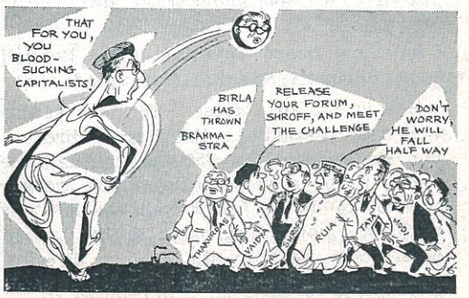
That is intelligence, not astrology.

I saw a Sindhi weeping?

That means that our Five-Year Plans have completely failed.

Weight of Mr. Birla?

Birla has no weight of his own but he throws around T.T.K's 168 lbs.


THAT FOR YOU, YOU BLOOD-SUCKING CAPITALISTS!
BIRLA HAS THROWN BRAHMA-STRA
RELEASE YOUR FORUM, SHROFF, AND MEET THE CHALLENGE
DON'T WORRY, HE WILL FALL HALF WAY

How to stop Rajgopalachari's mouth?

Remove his foot from it and put the President's plum into it.

You are calling Income-Tax officers dogs?

I'll never insult dogs. I love dogs.

K. SUBRAMANIAN (Secunderabad)

Do Indians have a sense of humour?

How else could they have continued to be religious with empty stomachs? When the Russians lost their humour, the Czar lost his head.

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

If Jayashree is given a gun?

She won't waste a bullet on Shantaram. Jayashree has already buried the past and is now looking with enthusiasm to a brilliant future.

Suppose I take 'Nira' before going to bed?

You won't need the bed. The night will have to be spent in the water closet. 'Nira' changes the very theme of life.

How do they assess your income tax?

They heap, they don't assess. Assessing needs fairness and intelligence. Heaping doesn't.

R. ATMARAMAN (Madras)

What do we gain from Nehru's foreign tours?

Some more photographs for our national album.

Hasn't Dr. Radhakrishnan got a strong mind?

A mind that melted twice under the same temptation cannot be called strong.

M. V. KARWEKAR (Bombay)

At the Santa Cruz airport policemen are selling salutes to foreigners?

Policemen have realized that politeness brings in more "chai-pani".

BIMAL K. SINHA (Batanagar)

Can you measure the brain of Pandit Nehru?

Measure the depth of hungry stomachs in India and you will get the height of Nehru's brain.

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

If Sardar Patel's body had been preserved?

Nehru would have lost all taste for food.

If Amrit Kaur is given a rope?

She will hang Nehru for stabbing her in the back.

How do you welcome the recent victory of the Samiti in the Municipal elections?

Victory is an opportunity for action. I want to see action.

I pity Feroze Gandhi?

Feroze is a clever boy. He doesn't need your pity. He has survived a father-in-law like Nehru.

WHEN NERVES ARE LOST ALL IS LOST

* SUDDEN SHOCK
* MISFORTUNE
* WORRY
* OVERWORK
* CHRONIC INDIGESTION

are common causes of

NERVOUS DEBILITY

* FORGETFULNESS
* FEAR COMPLEX
* DELUSIONS
* THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE
* HALLUCINATIONS

are its terrible consequences

To get rid of

NERVOUS DEBILITY

USE

NAVRATNA KALPA

A compound of nine gems:-
Diamond, Sapphire, Ruby, Pearl, Emerald, Topaz, Agate, Cat's-eye and Coral

Invented by:

Pt. Durga Datt Vaidya, Kaviraj Vaidya-Vachaspati

Free literature on request from:—

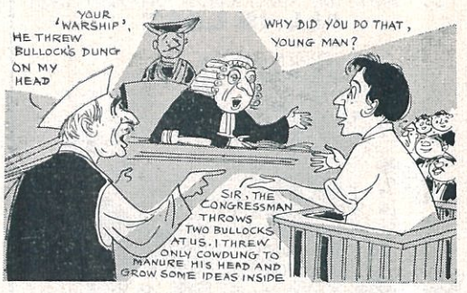
NAVRATNA KALPA PHARMACY

Jullunder City (India)

Jairaj and Nirupa Roy revive chivalrous Rajput love in costume in "Amarsingh Rathaur", an unusually thrilling saga of Rajput chivalry. The picture is a box-office hit.

What do you think of throwing cowdung on election posters?

That is wasting cowdung when you have so many Congressmen to paint.


'YOUR WARSHIP', HE THREW BULLOCK'S DUNG ON MY HEAD
WHY DID YOU DO THAT, YOUNG MAN?
SIR, THE CONGRESSMAN THROWS TWO BULLOCKS AT US. I THREW ONLY COWDUNG TO MANURE HIS HEAD AND GROW SOME IDEAS INSIDE

Who is the richest film actress in India?

Vyjayantimala should easily be the richest, Madhubala a close second and Meena Kumari not far behind. Each should have over thirty lakhs of rupees.

If Pandit Nehru kisses Amrit Kaur on the forehead?

Even if he kisses her on the lips, he can't seal her lips now.

SUNDER KAMLANI (Dharwar)

What is in Nimmi's eyes?

There is a Taj Mahal in her eyes if a silly Shah Jehan could be found.

M. A. BADRUDDIN (Madras)

At last Dilip Kumar confessed that he will love Madhubala till the last breath of his life?

You seem to have read a wrong newspaper report.

ARJUN R. MEHTA (Jodhpur)

I hope you know something about Nehru's grandfather!

He must have been a greater autocrat than the grandson. All grandfathers are. Mine was.

T. C. THAKER (Ahmedabad)

If Gandhiji comes to life again?

He will lose his divinity. A second birth always removes the misunderstandings of the previous one.

Even Brahmins drink?

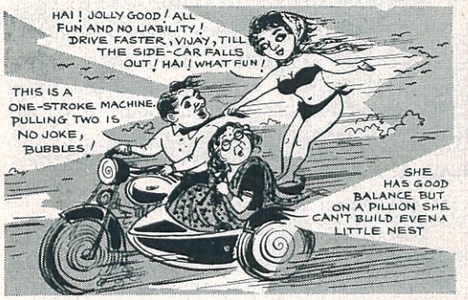
They were the pioneers in the Vedic Age.

I have not heard anything about Bengali actress Shrimati Sunalini Dasgupta?

She is not an actress. She is a script-writer of Rossellini, the Italian director, and she is paid Rs. 2500 a month. She seems to be a very conscientious worker because to do her work well she left her husband's home and went to live in a hotel room next to the Italian director. Newspaper reporters are now writing a script about them.

Miss Bubbles Engineer! Certainly good looking! Has she done the trick?

She jumps on the wrong pillion all the time without caring to see who is sitting in the side car.


HAI! JOLLY GOOD! ALL FUN AND NO LIABILITY! DRIVE FASTER, VIJAY, TILL THE SIDE-CAR FALLS OUT! HAI! WHAT FUN!
THIS IS A ONE-STROKE MACHINE. PULLING TWO IS NO JOKE, BUBBLES!
SHE HAS GOOD BALANCE BUT ON A PILLION SHE CAN'T BUILD EVEN A LITTLE NEST

Has Nutan bowled out Madhubala?

Nutan is more beautiful and more talented.

Are we related to Nehru?

We are grist to his mill of fame.

Nimmi, still unkissed?

So is Goa, still unconquered

AHMED AZAD (Secunderabad)

Did you ever taste poverty?

The dust of the streets I walked in my youth is still on my tongue. Poverty was the only harlot that haunted my youth.

Why should not Sohrab Modi retire now?

Why should he when Pandit Nehru doesn't? Sohrab has at least a warm bed to prevent rheumatism.

V. G. DAYALANI (Bombay)

I saw a policeman chasing a prostitute?

That is nature's own cat-and-dog story.

My astrologer tells me that I will be as great as Nehru some ten years hence. Should I believe him?

That is a good dream to nurse. You will at least end by being a Keskar.

JASBIR SINGH (Pegu)

Some film magazines are wasting paper by printing trash about celluloid heroes and heroines?

Not all can use paper and ink for educating a free people.

M. K. MOHAN (Madras)

What are the after-effects of love?

A chronic ailment called marriage.

My wife doesn't want me to wear a moustache!

Well, if she is convinced, why rub it in unnecessarily? Remove the emphasis.

Y. V. RAMANA MURTY (Kharagpur)

Are you a member of any of the Indo-this Indo-that Friendship Society?

I don't believe in political pimping. Most of such societies are run by fifth-columnists.

That arm is strong enough to be used in our farms to grow more food. But it is used as a crane to pick up the heroes of the screen. Shyama brings new vigour to the screen in "Johnny Walker", a thrilling entertainner.

Ashok Kumar, the hero of three generations, once again plays a youthful role in "Jeewan Sathi", a social theme.

MANSUKH G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

Have the Income-Tax officers their eyes on "Girnar"?

Eyes? It is the dream of their closed eyes too. Ours is the only Government in the world which punishes enterprise with rare vindictiveness.

They call Kumari Vyjayantimala down south as "Kalasahitya Saraswati"?

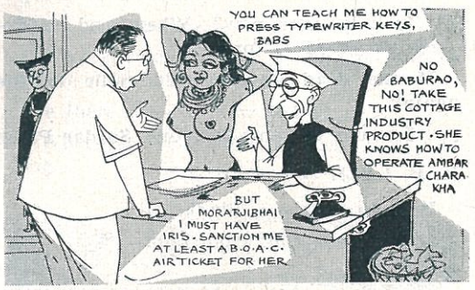
People in the south are very polite.

Of what pattern is Nimmi?

She is an ocean in a drop.

Why don't you import Iris now?

No foreign exchange! We have now to encourage our own cottage industry products.


YOU CAN TEACH ME HOW TO PRESS TYPEWRITER KEYS, BABS
NO BABURAO, NO! TAKE THIS COTTAGE INDUSTRY PRODUCT - SHE KNOWS HOW TO OPERATE AMBAR CHARKHA
BUT MORARJIBHAI I MUST HAVE IRIS - SANCTION ME AT LEAST A B.O.A.C. AIR TICKET FOR HER.

What is Tendulkar's bank balance?

Ask Nehru. He is in charge of Tendulkar's money.

What is peculiar about Maharashtrian culture?

Maharashtrian culture is a virus which kills co-operative enterprise.

Where is Venus Bannerjee?

Venus was toying with marriage. The toy seems to have escaped.

I want to hang beautiful Nutan's photo in my bedroom?

That is not fair to your wife. The smoke of glamour should make only a cloud of your dreamland.

VENILAL M. KHATRI (Navsari)

Who will succeed Amrit Kaur?

Renuka Ray has a better chance than the other rays thrown out by the Prime Minister.

What future has Seth Kantilal Morarji Desai?

Kantilal Seth's future is sandwiched between the Wealth Tax and the Expenditure Tax.

What do you feel about Bakshi's strongly worded speeches?

They are echoes of Sheikh Abdullah. Bakshi is shivering with uncertainty.

MANSUKH G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

Didn't Nehru say that he wanted young blood in his Cabinet?

In S. K. Patil, he took a bovine bank for transfusing blood into his old carcasses.

HE NEEDS SOME MORE FOR DIGESTING CHICKEN DO YOU MIND, PATIL?
OH, NO, PANDITJI, THE CHICKEN IS FREE, WHY NOT BLOOD. BOTH ARE SECULAR PRODUCTS
INSHALLAH!

B. SUBBA RAO (Bombay)

What do you think I will become in my next birth?

A monkey! And you will have a red bottom.

B. D. SINHA (Gorakhpur)

At the end of the day I feel like a punctured tyre. Any medicine?

Take 4 pills of homeopathic Arnica 30 and you'll get inflated again without resorting to free air service.

DR. S. C. SINHA (Thana)

There must be something which you admire or love in Muslims?

They are fine friends when in a minority.

You seem to be angry with your doctor?

My doctor has become my guardian. He prescribes good behaviour. And you know that prescription is not popular with patients.

S. D. SHUKLA (Chandranagar)

What are your ideas about the rehabilitation of Sanskrit?

Waste of time! Sanskrit has no new treasures to reveal. All prophetic thoughts of the world are framed in English and that is the language one should master.

A. G. SOMAN (Amravati)

Another Nehru in the making?

Another Nehru means another lease to Communism. We want another Thimayya, if the first one doesn't last long.

Maulana Azad never undertakes a nation-wide tour?

The nation is badly balkanized by prohibition. How can an Arab with a thirst safely travel in this stupid country?

THIS IS BOMBAY AND NOT A DROP - I AM THIRSTY. WHAT IS THAT OASIS?
THAT IS PESSI KAKA'S DISTILLERY, MAULANASAAB WE'LL GET WATER THERE. HE USES IT FOR MAKING ILLICIT LIQUOR

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A FAMOUS ACTOR OR DIRECTOR AND WANT TO JOIN THE FILM LINE, THIS BOOK WILL BE VERY USEFUL FOR YOU.

MOVIE WORLD

The book contains valuable informations about story, scenerio, dialogue-writing, direction, acting, dancing, fencing, art-direction, cinematography and its special effects, music-direction, back ground music, recording, song-writing, editing, processing, studio etc. with illustrations.

A BOOK DEALING IN THE COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE ABOUT CINEMA. AN IMPORTANT BOOK FOR ANY ONE WHO WANTS TO BUILD A FILM CAREER.

Apart from this, the book contains the full list of addresses of all Indian Cinema-houses, all famous-film actors and actresses, film-distributors, film-laboratories, studios, song & dialogue writers, music and art-directors etc.

PRICE Rs. 24/- (Shilling 36), packing & Regd. post-expenses free.

The price shall be sent either by money order or postal orders. Don't cross postal orders. Cheques will not be accepted.

WRITE ADIL ARTS,

P.B.No. 4101, Grant Rd., Bombay-7.

That is a crop of crops—as fresh as the first few shoots of a new harvest. You must see this little dynamo in action. She has grace that will make even Morarji Desai write romantic poems. Kum Kum, she is called, and she continuously says "come, come" in "Mother India", the greatest screen classic ever produced in India, in colour, by Mehboob. It is a picture of a century.

SAVITRI DEVI SHUKLA (Rajgarh)

Is the profession of Pandas an honest and good one?

Pimps of the Invisible cannot be honest. They are trying to sell to the credulous what they have themselves not seen nor realized.

NIRMAL KUMAR SHUKLA (Rajgarh)

Had Gandhiji been living today?

He would have used Potassium Cyanide.

NITEN CHAKRAVARTY (Jorhat)

If you pass away before Mr. V. Shantaram will he cry over your death?

Shantaram has no tears for others. The few he has he uses to wash his own eyes to 'discover' new talent.

GURMEET (Patiala)

Is there any remedy for hernia without operation?

The word "operation" leads me to believe that you have reducible hernia. The ultimate remedy for this is the surgeon. If it is strangulated hernia, fly the surgeon to your bedside. Till the surgeon arrives take homeopathic Aconite 30 and Nux Vomica 30 alternately every fifteen minutes. They will help you to receive the surgeon with a smile.

M. S. MAKER (Jullundur)

I wish I were J. C. Jain?

Search for a Dalmia first. The smiles and the salutes which J. C. Jain gets are because of his charity dinners given to ministers, officers and socialites. In these days of high prices, you must see how they bless Jain with broad ear-to-ear smiles.

Do you know the whereabouts of Pushpa Hans?

She was last seen in the Metro Cinema sucking a Choc-o-bar and she looked suspiciously heavy.

MISS MANIK BHANDARE (Bombay)

What future have the Hindus in Pakistan?

They have a good chance to become Muslims.

Has the day of the Maharashtrian come?

Yes, but he is still sleeping.

"Loksatta" and "Lokmanya" are boosting Shri Chavan too much?

Newspapers always spoil a good man, perhaps to get a few advertisements.

CHARN S. SANGHA (Canada)

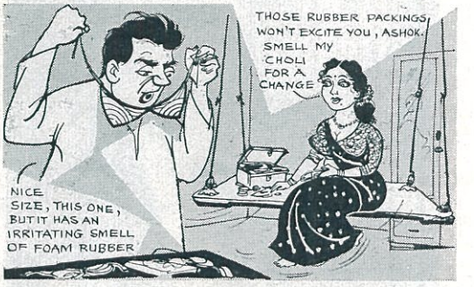
Congress without Nehru?

Will be crime without conscience.

T. C. THAKER (Ahmedabad)

I have a hobby of collecting ladies' brassieres. Will you please publish my address and appeal to your readers to help me?

T. C. Thaker, 453|1, Brahmin Street, Kocharab, Ahmedabad 7. But remember that a brassiere is no guarantee of the existence of breasts.


THOSE RUBBER PACKINGS WON'T EXCITE YOU, ASHOK. SMELL MY CHOLI FOR A CHANGE
NICE SIZE, THIS ONE, BUT IT HAS AN IRRITATING SMELL OF FOAM RUBBER

TIRTH K. AIDASANI (Bombay)

What is T. T. Krishnamachari's ambition?

T. T. wants to become the Prime Minister of India.

MRS. PRAKASH (New Delhi)

I can't differentiate between a Tamil and a Telugu?

That is one case of ignorance being bliss. Once you spot them, you will inherit their quarrel.

Anita Guha praises Om Prakash very much. Why?

Human beings always like to give their vices a complexion of virtue.

K. SATYAVATI (Vishakapatanam)

If a Sindhi happens to become our Finance Minister?

The State will deal in fancy piece goods business.

EBENEZER S. SOANS (Calcutta)

If blood is taxed?

Isn't it taxed now? When food is taxed, no blood is formed.

If the dead Congressmen come to life again?

I would welcome only one, Sardar Patel.

K. B. LALL (Barwani)

How to silence a Sindhi?

Buy something from him.

A. D. JAIRAJ (Bombay)

Who speaks better English between Raj Kapoor and Dilip Kumar?

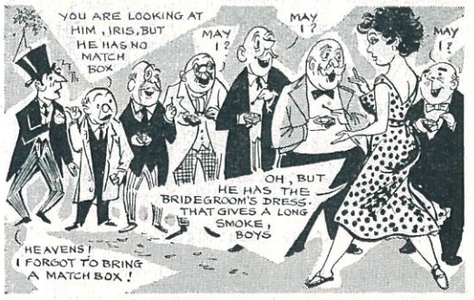
Dilip Kumar! The boy thinks.

K. V. RAMANA PATRO (Kharagpur)

Who lights Iris' cigarettes?

Iris is a pretty girl and she has a queue of cigarette-lighters waiting with their matchsticks out but Iris feels that the man

who lights her cigarette should also light up her home.


YOU ARE LOOKING AT HIM, IRIS, BUT HE HAS NO MATCH BOX
MAY I?
MAY I?
MAY I?
OH, BUT HE HAS THE BRIDEGROOM'S DRESS. THAT GIVES A LONG SMOKE, BOYS
HEAVENS! I FORGOT TO BRING A MATCH BOX!

PRABHAKAR KOWLASKER (Medak)

V. K. Krishna Menon is leading the life of a celibate.

Believe it or not!

V. L. NARAYANA (Howrah)

His Holiness the Dalai Lama saw an Urdu film "Adl-e-Jehangir" in Kalimpong.

We had no other children's picture.

Dr. K. N. Katju heard all the grievances of defence workers patiently, says a press report.

A deaf man always looks patient. Words don't burn his ears.

S. MANOHAR (Patiala)

I want to have a second-hand wife?

Apply to Meherchand Khanna, our Rehabilitation Minister. He has plenty of rescued stock.

S. SUNTHARALINGAM (Nawalapitiya)

Have you ever rescued any maiden in distress?

Whenever I tried that I got into distress.

P. PANDARINATH (Hyderabad)

Where will Nehru end?

Where did Tenzingh end after his conquest of Everest?

When are you going to Kashmir?

Why should I go to a foreign country where "filmindia" cannot go?

Are there dogs in New Delhi?

Wherever you find bitches, you find dogs.

WHAT IS THAT IDIOT WOLF-WHISTLING FOR? WHY DOES HE NOT SHAKE HIS TAIL AND GO NEAR HER?
YOU, SILLY, MEN HAVE NO TAILS. THOSE TWO-FOOTED FEMALES CAN UNDERSTAND ONLY CHEQUE-BOOK WAVING.
WHOOOOO-OOO!
WHOOO-OOO!
BUS STOP
DELHI

HARIRAM G. JUGAT (Bombay)

From what fund will the Kerala Government finance their lofty aims?

Don't be surprised if they suddenly discover pearls in the backwaters of Cochin.

ROOP H. KALYANI (Calcutta)

What is Tendulkar's recent triumph?

He made the Government give him a well-situated plot of land in Bombay.

P. S. GOEL (Meerut)

If Nehru had been a priest instead of a politician?

His temple would have been as corrupted as is his government.

Is Morarji aware of the gold mine in his office?

No. Morarji is not gold conscious but son Kantilal knows that "phader" is now sitting on a gold mine.

C. T. RAO (Masulipatam)

How will the new taxation proposals affect the common man?

He will eat less and breed more. Scientists say that there are less cradles in homes where there is plenty of food.

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A SIXTH ONE NOW. THERE IS NO MILK IN ME BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING TO EAT
DON'T WORRY, NEHRU AND T-T-K ARE GOING TO PLANT MILK TREES IN PUBLIC PARKS. THEY HAVE A SOLUTION FOR ALL OUR PROBLEMS

AHMED AZAD (Secunderabad)

When is Shantaram getting married to Sandhya now that the coast is clear?

The coast is not clear. There is an old whaler still in port.

V. SYAMA KRISHNAN (Port Swettenham)

Malaya is ready for independence. Your advice to Malayan Indians in independent Malaya, please?

Come back home while there is time unless, of course, you want to be a Communist.

Do all the Nehrus practise Shirshasan?

Only one does that. He has to digest fame. Other Nehrus stand on their feet. They have to digest profits.

"Bhowani Junction" was banned in this country. Was it banned in India too?

No! Unless someone calls us bastards we cannot establish our spiritual status as a race. "Bhowani Junction" gratefully gave us that opportunity.

Dev Anand is fast growing a new screen personality. Fatherhood changes a man, a pipe does the rest. Watch this popular hero in "Nau Do Gyarah", a social theme.

S. S. BEDI (Ambala)

Despite precautions, we will be getting our fifth child very soon. Don't you agree that it is merely a game of luck?

Yes, of bad luck!

RAM L. NAKRA (Jullundur)

Are Brahmins happy in Kerala?

Isn't a Brahmin ruling Kerala at the moment?

Did you ever call Panditji a liar?

A man who lies once is called a liar, a man who lies often is called a politician while a man who never tells the truth is called a statesman.

MRS. KAPIL (Ahmedabad)

Do you favour 'Open Book' examinations?

Yes, they will test the intelligence of the students and not merely their memory.

Is Sunil Dutt wooden-faced?

Not now! Nargis patted his face so much in "Mother India" that he has now become woollen-faced. He almost looks a sheep these days.

Seeing the taxes on sugar, tea and tobacco, my husband has given up tea and cigarettes.

Tell me another, Kapil. Tea and cigarettes have their roots in the vice of man. Taxes can't pull them out.

Tendulkar must be a widower?

Going around with a widow does not make a man a widower. But his friend Nehru is a champion widower, seeing the number of spinsters that surround him.

Wherever you go these days, you see women twisting themselves into various shapes. They call that dancing art. Imagine, however, getting to your lot a woman with those eyes and palms fixed that way. Vyjayantimala seems to be ready for an unusual performance in "Kath Putli", a social theme.

Do you really believe in life after death?

Yes. After the recent taxes I also believe in heaven after death.

Your frank advice to Nehru please?

Answer the silent prayers of the Pant, Patil and Morarji group and retire gracefully.

DR. BHAGAT SINGH (Amritsar)

What is Jayashree doing nowadays?

She is busy refusing offers of work and while doing so she is discovering for the first time in her life, what a large number of friends and admirers she has.

B. SUBBA RAO (Bombay)

Doesn't the Asoka Chakra inspire you?

No! Asoka Mehta's beard inspires me more. I like something that moves with every chew.

I am sure Sumitra Devi is made up only of milk and honey?

She is honey most of the time and milk sometimes.

Do you claim to be a well-wisher of Pakistan also?

Yes. A happy neighbour makes our own home happy.

G. N. PAI (Bombay)

If H. P. Mody wears a Gandhi cap?

He will only look funny without getting any profits. Top Congressmen don't trust Parsis these days—not the intelligent ones at least.

What did Amrit Kaur do in the last ten years?

She hid her poison tooth.

Nowadays I dream of fisherwomen?

That is a dream you can dry and fry but should never try. That dream often comes true with a kick.

MELYA! YOU WANT TO SEE OUR THIGHS, EH?
NOW WE WANT TO SEE HOW STRONG YOUR THIGHS ARE, YOU GREAT WARRIOR
PARDON ME, DON'T TREAT ME LIKE DRAUPADI. PLEASE OH SEAGODDESSES

PRABHU DAYAL (Ajmer)

You call yourself an orphan—I object?

Objection overruled!

V. L. NARAYANA (Howrah)

What does a Punjabi girl do if she is praised too much?

She gives you a child within a year. You must put them on slow heat.

How could we test the knowledge of Maulana Azad?

The ignorance of our people is the measure of the intelligence of our Minister of Education.

I think Vijayalakshmi Pandit should quit her job now?

I think all Nehrus should quit now and allow the country to forge ahead. The country has been tied to their apron-strings too long.

How could a defeated Minister like Giri become a Governor?

That post is the throne of defeat.

At last I have discovered a French girl for pen friendship!

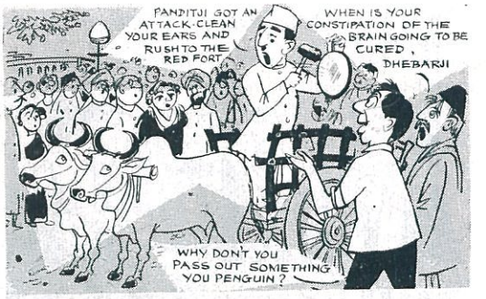
A French girl who has time to write has no dividend value.

Why is Mr. V. D. Savarkar silent these days?

No listeners! Without ears the tongue becomes merely a tail.

Nehru says that he does not get time to think even but then how could he deliver so many speeches in a day?

The man suffers from a cerebral diarrhoea. He cannot hold a thought too long. He has to rush to the Red Fort for relief.


PANDITJI GOT AN ATTACK. CLEAN YOUR EARS AND RUSH TO THE RED FORT
WHEN IS YOUR CONSTIPATION OF THE BRAIN GOING TO BE CURED, DHEBARJI
WHY DON'T YOU PASS OUT SOMETHING YOU PENGUIN?

S. RANGA RAO (Kavdiguda)

Had there been no debauchery?

There would be no politics. Politics is the child of mental debauchery.

"Barking dogs don't bite", so goes a saying but any guarantee?

Make sure that the dog has four feet.

A. CHANDRA MAULI (New Delhi)

"The Goonda Act" has been extended until 1962 by the President of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan?

Without that Act, the people of Pakistan will lose their citizenship and distinction.

Everything in sari dances these days. Why not Minoo Mumtaz whose father was once an attractive dancer! Minoo brings some refreshingly new rhythm to the screen in "Sati Pariksha", an old tale of devotion retold to remind women of their great grandmothers who went to heaven nursing the image of one man in their hearts.

T. R. S. RANGAN (Gwalior)

What do you think of Colabavala's picture of Neelam in "Blitz"?

I have always said that Neelam is a good and obliging girl.

S. P. S. RAZ (Jullundur)

What should Dalmia do?

He should spend his last days in Pakistan. He has enough wealth in Pakistan and he is too well-wifed for the colourful atmosphere there.

I am too emotional?

That is the trouble with Punjabis. They are too much in many things without realizing that others may be having a bit of those things too.

There is unemployment among the prostitutes in Pakistan?

Old-fashioned prostitution of waiting with the "paan daan" is out of date now. They must learn the ballroom variety now and put rock 'n roll into their beds.

ROCK!
ROCK!
ROCK!
ROCK!
SHE WANTS A PARROT! SHE IS A DUMBSHIT. NO GOOP!
OUR STUFF IS RIGHT BELOW HERE I HEAR ROCK ROCK ROCK. THAT IS THE ONE TO ROLL IN BED

SHANKAR RAO A. KANOJE (Kalyan)

I love a girl but I have no friendship with her. Will you please tell me a method for the successful prosecution of my love?

Write to the Pelman Institute. They must be having a correspondence course on it.

P. S. GOEL (Meerut)

Is Gandhism a philosophy, a religion or a way of life?

It is a system of earning big profits with a small capital.

Where is the home of Nehru's soul?

It is framed in the family mirror.

What will be your choice between a knave and a fool?

I'll take the fool for a change. I want some relief from the Income-Tax people I meet these days.

The report of the Bombay Government shows that Prohibition has been a great boon to the masses?

The report is right. The masses are busy with illicit distillation and their standard of living has gone up.

Women begin their life with dolls till they themselves become dolls for some devil-play. Jawahar Kaul is trying to tempt Vyjayantimala with a new doll in "Kath Putli", a sensational social theme produced by Amiya Chakravarty.

MRS. KANTA MEHANDROO (Ambala)

How can I hurt you?

Why should a mother want to hurt an orphan?

K. RAMA RAO (Shimoga)

They say Ambedkar's soul is hovering round Harijans?

Yes, the Harijans of Nagpur have begun the devil dance.

S. PARKASH (Jullundur)

If a cow enters a mosque?

There will be a baqr-eed inside the mosque.

DACCA JUTE MILLS
SUBHANALLAH! IT IS GOD'S MERCY
YOUR COW HAS BECOME A HOURI OF PARADISE, GHOSH BABU!
MAULANA SAHEB, WITHOUT HER MILK, MY LITTLE SON WILL ALSO GO TO PARADISE NOW

P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

What does General Thimayya think of Krishna Menon?

I am not allowed to publish military secrets.

RAM L. NAKRA (Jullundur)

"India needs dynamic leadership", says Radhakrishnan?

Radhakrishnan is bored with the bald beauty we have been having for the last ten years.

Who is this Veer Savarkar?

That is a well-nursed myth of decadent Hinduism.

Is Prithviraj a Pathan?

Prithvi is a plastic Pathan.

PREM C. SINHA (Arrah)

In third class compartments of our railways, people are huddled together like sar-

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JULY

1st Prize to V. L. Narayana (Howrah); 2nd Prize to K. V. Ramana Patro (Kharagpur); 3rd Prize to D.S.R. Moorthy (Vijaypuri); 4th Prize to Mrs. Kapil (Ahmedabad) and 10 Consolation Prizes to the following:—Mrs. Shalini R. Bhave (New Delhi); S. M. Row (Masulipatam); Ahmed Azad (Secunderabad); M. S. Gopal (Secunderabad); P. C. Bansal (Meerut); K. A. D. Rajah (Tanjore); G. N. Pai (Bombay); S. P. S. Raz (Jullundur); C. T. Rao (Masulipatam) and S. Ranga Rao (Kavdiguda). Money orders are being sent to all the prize winners.

dines. What is the Railway Minister's answer to it?

He answered it by taxing the railway travellers. In Congress India you must not ask inconvenient questions.

MRS. S. R. MAKASHIR (Amla)

Ways to cultivate a mental attitude that will bring peace and happiness?

Think of yesterday and realize how it has ceased to hurt. Tomorrow won't have greater terrors than yesterday.

How much money has Lata Mangeshkar made so far?

She should be very near the fifty-lakh mark.

B. T. PURANIK (Bombay)

What are you dealing in?

Cerebral products! I sell seeds of thought to fertile minds. Only in the Congress field they fall on rocks.

What income-tax can the Government expect from those who have no bank balance?

In my case they are trying to draw water from a dry well.

Rs. 300/- EVERY MONTH IN 14 PRIZES

The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 100|-; 2nd Prize: Rs. 50|-; 3rd Prize: Rs. 30|; 4th Prize: Rs. 20|- and 10 Consolation Prizes of Rs. 10|- each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes but those letters which bear the Priority Coupon will be answered first. A reader gets three coupons free per copy and he has therefore the chance to catch the bus thrice every month. Questions should be neatly written, or typed if possible, with some blank space left between two questions. It is in this blank space that the editor writes his replies. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes, the editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained about the distribution of the prizes.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "Filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order.

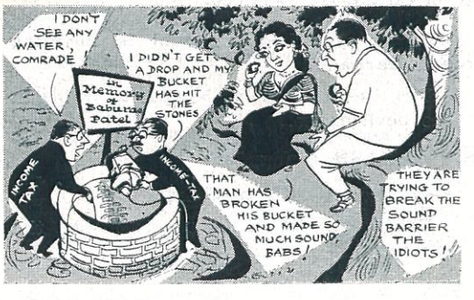
Cut the coupons below and fix them to your questions if you want to be answered quickly.

1 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE JULY 1957

2 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE JULY 1957

3 PRIORITY COUPON
CUT HERE JULY 1957

Long before the State introduced Prohibition, women did it in their homes. A woman learns to hate a man that smells, for wine and women are old rivals for the affection of man. Nutan and Dev Anand create some intriguing situations in "Manzil", an old tale of man, woman and wine. But the tale is told in a refreshingly novel manner, lending to the woman the kick which wine possesses.


I DON'T SEE ANY WATER, COMRADE
I DIDN'T GET A DROP AND MY BUCKET HAS HIT THE STONES
In Memory of Sardar Patel
INCOME TAX
INCOME TAX
THAT MAN HAS BROKEN HIS BUCKET AND MADE SO MUCH SOUND, BABS!
THEY ARE TRYING TO BREAK THE SOUND BARRIER THE IDIOTS!

UMA SAKSENA (New Delhi)

The objectionable sections of the Income-Tax Act have been there for a long time. But your campaign against them is of a very recent origin. How to account for it?

One doesn't pick up a shoe and examine it unless it begins to hurt.

P. C. BANSAL (Meerut)

How does Jayashree look now?

With the eclipse gone, the moon is shining again.

Did Nehru refuse to see you?

I never go near power houses. You never know where a live wire may be lying.

R. NARAYANAN (Morena)

In a recent programme over Radio Ceylon, Meena Kumari stated that last year, while travelling by train, she and Kamal Amrohi competed with each other in stealing bulbs and ashtrays from the railway compartment. On top of it, she laughed over it!

If what you say is true, Meena Kumari can be prosecuted for theft on her own confession.

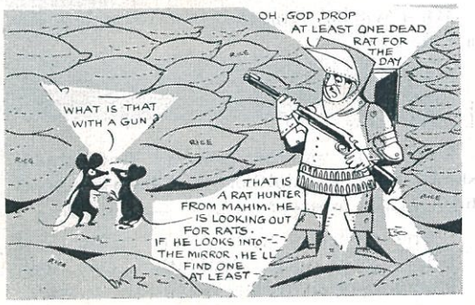
MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

What is Sardar Patel doing in heaven?

Gandhiji is curing his constipation.

My husband is a perfect shikari?

Send his name to our Food Minister. Rats destroy thousands of tons of food-grains every year and he might use your husband's talent.


OH, GOD, DROP AT LEAST ONE DEAD RAT FOR THE DAY
WHAT IS THAT WITH A GUN?
THAT IS A RAT HUNTER FROM MAHIM. HE IS LOOKING OUT FOR RATS. IF HE LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR, HE'LL FIND ONE AT LEAST

OUR REVIEW

"Champakali" Is Colourful Trash

Trite Triangular Tale Taxes Patience

"Champakali" is another trashy picture from Filmistan, the studio where the belief seems to have got rooted that motion pictures are made only with money. It is obviously made with a lot of money. It is photographed in Gevacolor and fastidiously mounted. But its colourful sets and gilded frames enable it merely to become an expensive trash and nothing more. And as a motion picture "Champakali" emerges as a severe test of picturegoer's patience.

The trouble with the picture is its narrative and the manner of its narration. The story, a triangular romance set in rural surroundings, is too trite to be capable of generating any genuine interest. And the treatment is so crude and stilted that as a piece of screen entertainment the picture becomes a painful proposition.

GIPSY TALE

The story deals with a caravan of gipsies headed by the whiskered Lakha Banjara arriving in the village of Belapur. The village, we learn, suffers from acute scarcity of water—a fact which was obviously not revealed to the art director who depicts the place as quite rich in vegetation—and we further gather that that disadvantage of the village has been turned to good advantage to himself by Lakha Banjara who brings the villagers supplies of water at fancy prices. Consequently, though a gipsy, Lakha is a rich and powerful man with most of the villagers being his debtors.

Included in Lakha's caravan are his young and saucy daughter Champa and his young and sleepy protege Madho whom Lakha has brought up like a son ever since the young man's father had died. Champa is in love with Madho knowing somehow that her father also looks upon Madho as his prospective son-in-law but not knowing that Madho entertains only brotherly affection for her. Soon after arriving in the village when Madho meets Raju, the well-nourished daughter of a poor widow, and loses his heart to her in the first meeting, the eternal triangle becomes complete and the spectator's hope of witnessing something new and fresh in the picture quite dim.

After this one generally finds the director busy with pouring as much glamour upon Raju as his resources can provide and she can accommodate, the cameraman busy with gilding his frames and lending a variety of hues to the sky and the clouds, and the art director blissfully busy with showing the village as a near cousin to Eden abounding in colourful flowers and tall, swaying crops even though the villagers in the picture keep constantly screaming that there is great scarcity of water in the village. And the neglected story progresses slowly and dreamily through contrived incidents clumsily interconnected.

COBRA AGAIN

However, all that happens in an inordinately long time is that the love of Madho and Raju for each other is discovered by Champa and her father making her disappointed though not dejected and him furious. Raju on a request from Champa decides to stop meeting Madho any more and to stop playing the double-barrelled flute which she used to play with magical effect upon Madho even though the awkward instrument always appears too big for her mouth. But soon a cobra—probably the very same one which was seen in Filmistan's "Nagin"—decides to inject some venom into Madho and that forces Raju to take up the flute again to save Madho's life—what the notes of a flute have to do with the cure for snake-bite being a Filmistan secret. Madho then finds himself still alive and still in love with Raju and his course of love still beset with difficulties. At last his romantic problem is linked with the water problem of the village and he finds that, thanks to a change of heart in Champa, he can win Raju in marriage if he can bring water to the village from a nearby lake.

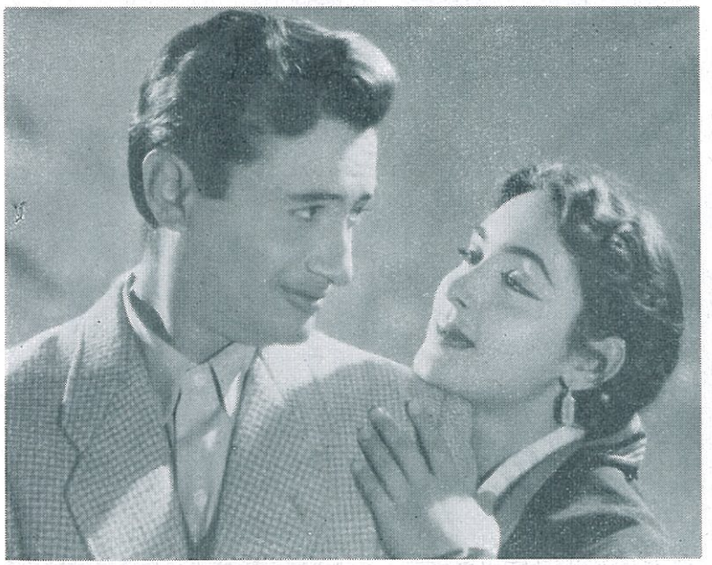
Madho thereupon quickly starts digging a tunnel but while he does that Veera, the villain who covets Raju and who has been creating trouble off and on for Raju, prepares to dig Madho's grave by sprinkling explosives round him and setting fire to them. But in that act. of course, Veera finds his own grave and also killed in the explosion is Champa, the unwanted party in the triangle. The explosion however helps the water from the lake to gush into the village bringing along with it a promise of a happy future for Madho and Raju.

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY

The picture has some appeal for the eye because of its good colour photography, but that fails to offset the boredom which is inflicted by the story. The production values are generally adequate. The sets serve the purpose. The photography, of course, is a job well done although the camera could have lessened the stuffiness of the picture by going outdoors. The sound is not so well recorded. The dialogue is good in places but on the whole it is unable to save the characters from looking stilted. The music is generally familiar and dull and shows signs of strain on Hemant Kumar. The direction is good in composition but totally incompetent emotionally and dramatically.

From the players, Suchitra Sen as Raju is painstakingly photographed and looks pretty in some places in some angles. She acts well too in places but her voice is still harsh and unpleasant and her Hindustani diction quite erratic. Bharat Bhooshan as Madho plays a

We can't remember now whether Ashok Kumar ever acted with Padmini's mother or not but he now makes a splendid romantic team with Padmini in "Ragini", a romantic tale. To match Ashok Kumar's youth, however, Padmini would do well to chop off her hips a bit. They unnecessarily add age to the ever-young Ashok, for after all the age of romance is the average between the years of the two partners.



However soft and weak men may look, women have to cling to them sometime or other in this dangerous man-made world. For, man is still the lighthouse of a woman in the storms of life. Nutan and Dev Anand bring some tender romance to the screen in "Manzil", a thrilling social tale.

mild role in a mild manner. Shubha Khote as Champa who provides the title, gets a comparatively tough histrionic assignment and handles it quite amateurishly. The effect is generally unimpressive. Pran as Veera, who keeps winking throughout, makes a colourful and usually loud villain. From the rest S. L. Puri as Lakha Banjara is effective.

In short, "Champakali" is like a pretty paper flower, colourful but unconvincing and lifeless. As a motion picture it is trash, and as entertainment a mighty boring affair.

CHAMPAKALI

Producers: **Filmistan**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story: **Shaida**
Screenplay & Dialogue: **Mukhram Sharma**
Lyrics: **Rajendra Krishna**
Music: **Hemant Kumar**
Photography: **Jal Mistry**
Sound: **Navin Jhaveri**
Cast: **Suchitra Sen, Bharat Bhooshan, Shubha Khote, Pran, S. L. Puri, etc.**
Released At: **Liberty, Bombay**
Date of Release: **17th May 1957**

Directed By:

NANDLAL JASWANTLAL

OUR REVIEW

"Miss India", More Silly Than Entertaining

Nargis Saving Grace Of The Picture

Rawal Films' "Miss India" is a stupid and noisy exercise in the name of film making. Its story is an ugly and unlikely mixture of crime, comedy and romance which provides very little entertainment and makes even less sense. The only distinguishing thing about the picture is that Nargis gives a lively and colourful performance in it but that fact is not enough to make the picture worthy of being recommended to picturegoers. It is too silly an affair to do that.

BRIDE vs. BANDIT TALE

The whole rigmarole revolves round Rama, a young and educated girl who is supposed to be an ideal combination of some ancient and some modern feminine virtues and who provides the title. The modern side of Rama is seen in the fact that she is educated and holds a first class university degree. And the traditional virtue of obedience to parents is demonstrated by her when soon after finishing her studies she agrees to wed the man selected by her father through a newspaper advertisement.

Rama's father, a prosperous man fallen into not-too-prosperous days, makes it clear while advertising for a match for his daughter that he would not be able to pay any dowry. But a gang of crooks, disregarding the statement and banking upon the old man's reputation for being wealthy, sends forth one of the crooks, Anil, to secure Rama's hand in marriage by posing as a prince and after going through the marriage ceremony to decamp with the dowry which the gang feels sure Rama's father will give.

Rama's father falls into the trap easily, marries his daughter off to Anil thinking him to be a prince, and also gives him some twenty-five thousand rupees worth of jewellery. The couple go to a hotel for the wedding night but the crooked bridegroom decides to disappear with the dowry without waiting to even lay eyes on Rama and after spending a lonely wedding night she discovers in the morning that the man she has been married to was a thief and an impostor with the police on his trail.

The deserted and disillusioned Rama now remembers her stepmother's advice that a woman should leave her husband's home only as a corpse, and decides to search out Anil and turn him from a crook into a good and genuine husband. The rest of the picture shows how she fulfils her mission. It is a totally unconvincing account although it gives the heroine an opportunity to wear many masquerades and put on some colourful acts as she works her way into her husband's underworld in order to bring him back to her. With the help of Pyare, a sort of social worker, Rama poses as a princess and deals back the same fraud to Anil which he had perpetrated on her. The end comes when Anil is acquitted, with the help of Rama, his defence counsel, of a false charge of murder in a shriekingly stupid court scene, and owns her as his wife as a wiser and happier man.

Thanks mainly to the presence and performance of Nargis in it that the picture has some tolerably entertaining moments. But in spite of such moments the picture emerges, on the whole, too crude and silly a piece of entertainment.

UNIMPRESSIVE

The production values are none-too-impressive. Sets don't exactly strike a realistic note. The photography is inconsistent. Sound recording is far from efficient. The dialogue is of the noisy variety. The music is too poor and disappointing from a music director like S. D. Burman. The direction is generally clumsy.

From the players, Nargis, of course, gives the best and most lively performance in the picture in the role of Rama. Playing a generally light-veined role with abandon she provides some effective comedy and proves her versatility. Pradeep Kumar as Anil is burdened with an unsympathetic role and gives a performance a shade less dull than usual. Pran as one of the crooks and Nishi as the gang's boss do some stereotyped work. I. S. Johar as Pyare provides some familiar comedy. Badri Prasad as Rama's father is effective. The rest may well be ignored.

In short, "Miss India" is a crude and silly mixture of crime, comedy and romance. It has some tolerably entertaining moments, but it has more intolerably silly moments.

MISS INDIA

Producers: **Rawal Films**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story, Screenplay & Dialogue: **I. S. Johar, G. L. Rawal**
Lyrics: **Rajendra Krishna**
Music: **S. D. Burman**
Photography: **Ramchandra**
Cast: **Nargis, Pradeep Kumar, Pran, Nishi, Badri Prasad, I. S. Johar, etc.**
Released At: **Roxy, Bombay**
Date of Release: **31st May 1957**

Directed By:

I. S. JOHAR

OUR REVIEW

"Sheroo", A Hybrid & Unconvincing Crime Tale

Picture Inspired By Hollywood's 'Westerns'

S. P. Pictures' "Sheroo" is a typical plot taken from Hollywood's 'Westerns', provided with a wrapping of Indian atmosphere and dropped in an Indian setting. It stretches across over 12000 feet of celluloid without succeeding even in a single foot of that length in convincing as an Indian tale. And that is so because though the characters in it are supposed to be Indians, they are only crudely fabricated counterparts of the righteous gun-slinging hero, the lecherous gun-toting villain, the ineffective but the constantly scurrying sheriff, and the other stock characters that crowd Hollywood's 'Westerns'.

Revenge is the picture's theme and to provide thrills its sole obvious aim. Literarily, therefore, the picture is just a piddling piece of second-hand crime fiction which leaves the spectator unimpressed. The director, however, though failing to make the tale look genuinely Indian, does try hard to make it interesting and generally succeeds. He manages to provide the picture with an amount of suspense and a good quota of thrills and, making allowance for the inevitable musical interruptions, imparts to the picture a tolerably fast tempo. And that enables the hybrid and unconvincing yarn to generate a modicum of interest.

TALE OF REVENGE

The story revolves round Sheroo, an ex-Army man, returning to his village quite late after the World War II and surprising the villagers who had given him up for dead. His mother receives him with happy tearful eyes, and the bulky village belle Mala with romantically twinkling ones. Those who are far from pleased to see him both alive and back are his unscrupulous uncle, who has fraudulently swallowed the land left to Sheroo by his father, and his son Jabroo whose business seems to be crime and pastime rolling lustful eyes on Mala.

Immediately after his arrival in the village Sheroo righteously clashes with his cousin Jabroo over Mala and with uncle over his property. With his uncle being a man of wealth and influence and Jabroo being the leader of a regular band of ruffians in the village, Sheroo finds the local Panchayat unable to help him and thereupon publicly declares his intention to teach the uncle a lesson. The next thing that happens in the village is that Sheroo's uncle is found murdered and Sheroo, known to the audience to be innocent, is arrested for the murder. And then begins a murder trial, as idiotic a trial as one can imagine, at which Jabroo and his ruffians intimidate villagers into giving false and damaging testimony against Sheroo that results in Sheroo being found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Already seething with a sense of injustice Sheroo feels worse when he learns in prison the news of his mother's death.

While returning after cremating his mother under police guard, Sheroo manages to break loose from the guards and escapes. The rest of the picture shows how he tries to hunt down the real culprits in order to establish his own innocence. While at that mission Sheroo manages to do many jobs—confront the false witnesses, marry Mala by tricking the villagers, run away with her to a mountain hideout, produce a child—till at last there is a final gun-smoke-filled showdown between him and Jabroo and his gangsters. In the end Jabroo is captured by the police just as he confesses himself to be the real murderer, and Sheroo finds himself a free and happy man.

UNIMPRESSIVE

The production values are unimpressive. Sets are odd and unconvincing. The photography is good and erratic by turns. Sound recording is non-too-efficient. The dialogue is good in patches. The music is tolerably interesting in places. The direction is generally competent without being inventive.

From the players, Ashok Kumar as Sheroo does quite well. Nalini Jaywant as Mala acts more or less adequately but looks uninspiring. Madan Puri as the villain Jabroo is generally effective. Anoop Kumar enacting the role of a police officer who just misses getting married to Mala is unimpressive. Om Prakash as a cowardly comical village doctor plays a character very odd for an Indian story but quite familiar in Hollywood's "Westerns". He, however, does well in it. Randhir as one of the false witnesses puts over an interesting performance. Leela Misra as Sheroo's mother is effective in a brief role. Jagirdar appears as a guest artiste in the role of Mala's father—and is as usual good.

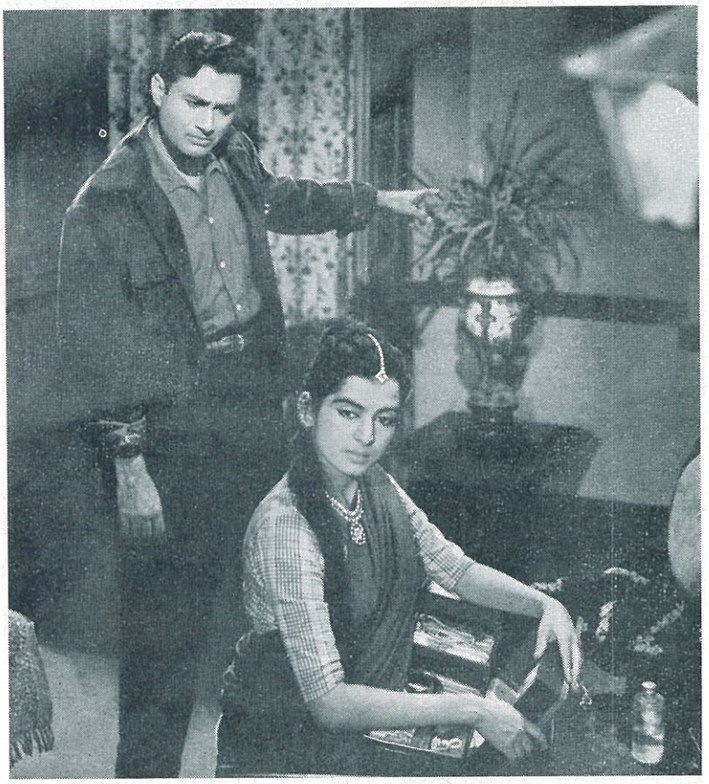
In short, "Sheroo" is an unsuccessful attempt at making a Hollywood theme look like an Indian tale. As a thriller, however, the picture generally satisfies the popular requirements.

Here is a pretty mask of innocence called Ameeta. She has an impulsive, school-girlish way which might rejuvenate even an old tired Marwari after a hectic day of gambling. Ameeta brings to the screen some new life and charm in "Bada Bhai", a domestic theme produced and directed by K. Amarnath.

SHEROO

Producers:	**S. P. Pictures**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Pachhi**
Screenplay & Dialogue:	**Sarshar Sailani**
Lyrics:	**Kaif Irfani**
Music:	**Madan Mohan**
Photography:	**Prakash Antra**
Sound:	**S.N. Dhuri & Kapila**
Cast:	**Ashok Kumar, Nalini Jaywant, Anoop Kumar, Madan Puri, Om Prakash, Randhir, etc.**
Released At:	**Lamington, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**17th May 1957**

Directed By:
SHAKTI SAMANTA



Between the husband and the jewel-box, a woman clings to the jewel-box with greater affection, for in it is not only her vanity but also her security. The silent jewels are often better companions than quarrelsome husbands. Dev Anand and Kalpana Kartik have a tense moment in "Nau Do Gyarah" a sensational social story.

OUR REVIEW

"Samunder" Deserves the Sea Not The Screen

Adventure Tale Provides Two-Hour Torture

"Samunder", produced and directed by Prem Nath, is a so-called action picture which provokes the spectator to act after the very first reel and rush out of the theatre sheerly in response to the call of the instinct of self-preservation. It is a regular two-hour torture. A third rate adventure yarn with plenty of the sea in it in order to justify the title, the picture is an ugly mass of incoherent human voices, cheap stunts and abundant inanities.

The picture was obviously designed to do nothing more than provide thrills but it miserably fails to do that because of a pedestrian direction, an abominably confused and stupid screenplay and some matchlessly inane performances. All that one finds the characters doing in the picture is running and fighting and shouting all over the screen with as much excuse as one needs to sneeze. And that is not exactly the definition of an adventure film.

TALE OF TWINS

The confused and rambling yarn deals with Baghi and Bhagwan, identical looking twin brothers in a sea-side village. Baghi, the elder brother, is a noble chivalrous chap while Bhagwan, in spite of his name, is rather a despicable character given to drinking and chasing local vamps. When Baghi rescues Bela, the daughter of his ancestral enemy Bahadur Singh, from a band of dacoits, he immediately wins the love of the girl whose father however still cherishes enmity against Baghi and his kins for no appreciable reason.

When the love between Baghi and Bela has fully blossomed, his brother Bhagwan manages to kill Bela's brother Bhola. Since only the local vamp Bindiya knows Bhagwan to be the murderer, Baghi, in order to save his love and his brother, hires the pirate Badshah to kidnap her out of the village. Badshah does that but when Bhagwan, the younger brother, pays Badshah a larger sum of money to kidnap Baghi from the village, the pirate does that too and the rest of the incoherent excitement mostly takes place aboard the pirate boat. Back in the village, the love-lorn Bela keeps singing sad songs and the wily Bhagwan keeps trying one way after another to win Bela for himself, while Baghi and the vamp Bindiya, captive aboard Badshah's boat, keep trying to regain their freedom. It all ends with Badshah being killed in a duel by Baghi, and with Bhagwan repenting for his misdeeds before Baghi who then at last manages to get his girl friend.

MEDIOCRE STUFF

The production values are mediocre. Sets are unimpressive. Photography is erratic. Sound recording is far from competent. The dialogue is more intended to provide some exercise to the artistes' lungs than to convey some sense to the spectator. Lyrics are uninspiring and the music is generally undistinguished. The direction is crude, clumsy and confused.

From the players, Prem Nath in the double role of Baghi and Bhagwan acts with unlimited zeal but very limited talent—and generally looks intolerable. Bina Rai as Bela looks little attractive and acts less so. Hiralal as Badshah gives a revoltingly loud, crude and ugly performance. It is a performance that makes one wish he were behind bars instead of before a camera. Ullhas as Bahadur Singh is only a shade less revoltingly loud than Hiralal. Nishi as the vamp Bindiya proves incapable of causing any rise in the male picturegoers' blood-pressure. The rest constitute a clowns' colony.

In fine, "Samunder" is a third rate, torturous adventure film. It belongs not to the screen but to the place described by its title.

SAMUNDER

Producers: **P. N. Films**
Language: **Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue: **Prem Nath**
Lyrics: **Rajendra Krishna**
Music: **Madan Mohan**
Photography: **R. D. Pareenja**
Sound: **M. Eduljee, C. M. Pancholi, T. M. Wagle**
Cast: **Bina Rai, Prem Nath, Hiralal, Nishi, Ullhas, Sunder, etc.**
Released At: **Imperial, Bombay**
Date of Release: **17th June 1957**

Directed By:
PREM NATH

OUR REVIEW

"Jeevan Sathi", Misses The Bull's-Eye

Usha And Ashok Do Pretty Well

D. S. Films' "Jeevan Sathi" seems to be intended as a warning to modern girls against the pitfalls of finding a life-mate through courtship and as a gentle suggestion that the best method of finding a husband is to leave the job to parents. This warning and suggestion is conveyed through the near-tragic story of a girl who breaks her engagement to the man chosen by her parents and then embarks upon a long phase of romantic dalliance with a young city lawyer only to tearfully discover in the end that the lawyer is not only married but is the father of a six-year-old son.

There was scope enough both in this debatable but ever topical theme to develop an interesting piece of family drama and make an absorbing motion picture. But the opportunity seems to have been unfortunately missed with the result that the tale has now become rather dull and unconvincing. Of course the author and the director have to be blamed for this because the picture lacks characterization and motivation. Had the director and the author, before rushing to the studio

with their script, asked themselves why should their characters do the things they do and behave in the manner they do, they might have given the picturegoers a far better picture than they have done. Let us hope they don't make the mistake again.

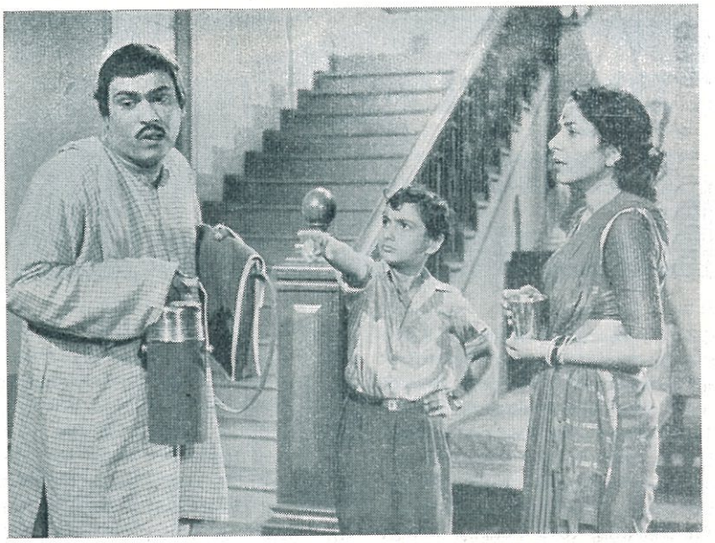
TALE OF BLIND YOUTH

The story concerns Shashi, a young collegiate girl, whose parents have fixed her marriage with Manohar, a young and simple zamindar living in the village. Shashi's widowed brother Hari good-naturedly teases her that she is going to marry a dhoti-clad villager and Shashi laughs off the remark. Soon her father goes away to Africa on business and the mother goes away to heaven and Shashi is left in the care of Hari who already happens to be quite busy looking after his father's work.

And now after an accidental meeting with a young lawyer Shashi soon develops a romantic friendship with him. She does not know, however, that Shrikant, the lawyer, is a married man with a good-looking wife and an attractive child, and the spectator does not know why on earth Shrikant feels so disgusted with his home life as to constantly show dark frowns to his wife, Usha, who appears to be quite faultless, and chase with misrepresentation a girl who compares none-too-favourably with his wife in looks or temperament.

The unconvincing romance, however, goes on developing till Shashi makes bold to write to her fiance in the village that she does not want to marry him. Manohar releases her from her engagement and comes down to Bombay to investigate the matter. But Manohar never manages to reach her house and instead lands in a hospital after an accident in which he had saved the life of Usha. Usha starts nursing him with sheer gratitude but Manohar begins getting wrong ideas.

At the other end Hari soon discovers what his sister has been up to but he finds the girl unrepentant and her heart throb defiant. At last Hari discovers the plain fact, which if it had been discovered by Shashi the picture could not have proceeded beyond the second reel, that Shrikant is a married man. The problem in the picture comes to an end with Shashi also learning that. But this conclusion is unnecessarily given a criminal complexion by showing Shrikant, the lawyer, as a man who would go to the extent of hiring a man to kill Hari. In the end, however, all kinks and misunderstandings are removed and every character becomes straightened.



This is a domestic situation between the man and his little master. Fortune gives a glare to the most innocent face in the world. Maruti is facing little Romi's wrath in AVM's "Hum Panchhi Ek Dalke", a social entertainer.

Kamla Laxman, the best that we have in Bharat Natyam, brings new entertainment to the screen in "Kath Putli", produced and directed by the late Amiya Chakravarty.

UNINSPIRING

The production values are not very inspiring. Sets look rather worn out and often grotesque. Photography should have been better. Sound recording has the same defect. The dialogue is rather pedestrian. The music is a bit drab. The direction needs more experience.

From the players, Ashok Kumar as Hari does easy and natural work. Usha Kiran as the lawyer's unhappy wife does well though she doesn't look so well with weight spread all over her. Anoop Kumar as Shrikant gives a performance which can be confidently cited as a good example of bad acting. That boy deserves another profession. Jabeen as Shashi is unimpressive. From the rest Daisy Irani as Shrikant's kid provides some usual precocious stuff.

In fine, "Jeevan Sathi" is a family drama that misses the mark. It needed a better script and better direction.

JEEVAN SATHI

Producers:	D. S. Films
Language:	Hindustani
Story and Dialogue:	Surendra Sailaj
Screenplay:	R. S. Tara, S. Bhatia
Music:	Bulo C. Rani
Photography:	R. K. Pandit
Sound:	Hari K. S. Rane
Cast:	Ashok Kumar, Usha Kiran, Anoop Kumar, Jabeen, Amarnath, Daisy Irani, etc.
Released At:	Krishna, Bombay
Date of Release:	14th June 1957

Directed By:
R. S. TARA

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In the obscure village of Ramgarh, in the Ratnagiri District of the Bombay State, a little boy of seven went one morning to the village grocer to ask for a loan of one anna. He wanted the money for school fees. His father had gone at a very early hour that morning to a nearby village for his weekly market trip and the little fellow, when he got up, suddenly realized that he had given a promise to his school teacher to pay his school fees that day. The coin he needed was that of an anna. There were no banks in Ramgarh where he could see different coins in circulation. But he had seen enough anna bits at the local grocer. "When will you pay me back?" asked the grocer. "Next month! I'll pay you back five pice," said the boy. He got the anna and kept his promise to the teacher. It was his first act of personal prestige. The grocer's fate is not known.

In years to come this little one-anna tale of village emergency grew into a one-crore personal development loan of national emergency. The boy, who never grew beyond five feet four inches threw a big, sprawling shadow over the printing trade of Bombay for several years and died with the title of a Rao Saheb after having made a hundred fortunes and lost them in racing, the sport of kings.

Dinker Keshav Parker, my pal and partner for many years, died on June 1, 1957, after a fatal motor accident which kept him hovering between life and death for seven long days, and in quitting the world so soon, he was only 53, he created one more vacancy in my little world, a vacany that can be filled only in our next round of birth.

As I lifted his friendly corpse, no more smiling with the usual shrewd realization of the frailties of human nature, I had tears in my eyes. My eyes were still red with the smoke of my father's pyre and they needed little persuasion to well up with moisture again. Here was death at my age, embracing a corpse of my pal, who had travelled with me together for 25 long and struggling years, sharing sighs and smiles and often drowning both in the cup that cheered us. As I walked with a fourth of the little dead burden on my left shoulder, the past rushed back with its overwhelming sense of guilt, for I was taking to the pyre one who had lifted me from the film production rut and made me the Editor of "filmindia".

It was Parker who had come to me one day in February of the year 1935 and persuaded me to write and edit "filmindia", a magazine which he founded and named, to give a little more grist to his small collection of printing machines. And that day I had warned Parker that my writings have a critical edge which would overhaul old friendships, create new enemies and bring home a harvest of court cases. Parker didn't care. He called me a partner. I was already his friend.

The success of "filmindia" is a romance of journalism in India, but the hero of this romance was Parker and not Baburao Patel. It was his grit that saw the magazine through many heart-rending days and it was in his quiet and firm company that I learned my courage. My present fearlessness has its seed in the patience and fortitude of my pal Parker and as if to acknowledge this debt I touched the feet of his corpse—a gesture which I somehow always denied to the living man. But then a corpse is an angry expression of Divinity.

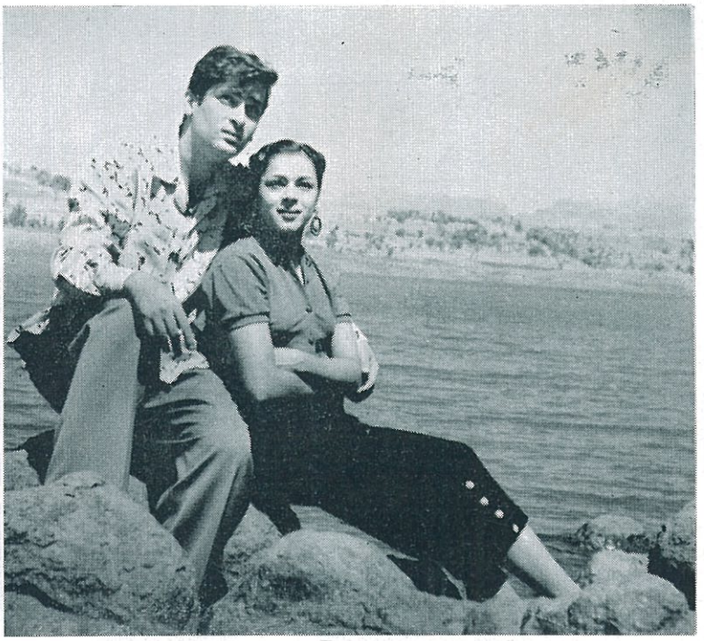
Dinker Keshav Parker was born in Ramgarh in the year 1904. He was six months younger than I. That adds poignancy to his sudden departure. He came from a very poor family which had only great memories as its wealth, but no money. Parker somehow beat me by attaining a higher educational standard than I did. He passed the matriculation. I didn't. And Parker always made it a point to remind me of this difference in education between us, particularly after imbibing two doses of the bottled essence of Western culture. I always nodded agreement and poured out my third dose. We often reviewed life—past, present and future—at these Western cultural conferences. I will keenly miss these conferences, for the intoxication of these Western essences lies more in the intelligent company of an old pal than in the efficacy of their ingredients.

Rao Saheb D. K. Parker, pal and partner, at his office in the New Jack Printing Works Ltd. He was the Managing Director of this mammoth printing press.

Parker arrived in Bombay in 1918 along with a village marriage party and stayed behind with his cousin, who was an Income Tax Officer. His studies had to be punctuated with hard household work ungrudgingly given to make the cousin and his wife comfortable. Parker soon jumped over the matriculation hurdle and joined a printing press as a salesman. In search of a fortune, he went in and out of the printing press and for a while sold expensive foreign books on the instalment plan. And then he did a hundred jobs as compositor, proof-corrector, salesman—but in the midst of all these jobs he excelled himself as a professional borrower.

That grocer's anna borrowed in Ramgarh at the age of seven had not fallen on a rock. It had taken root and was destined to grow into a huge tree. Parker soon made borrowing a fine art. His perfection in this art suffered no competition. But Parker's borrowings were never for personal pleasure. Be they for a printing machine or a race horse, they were always designed to bring in profits. Parker looked at a race horse as another printing machine which ran on four legs to turn out currency notes. There was no sport in the mental composition of Parker. It was all ink and paper—particularly ink and paper which distinguished a currency note.

Parker soon met people with money and established his credit. He had ideas, others had the money. The Jack Printing Press soon came into existence with borrowed capital. It was a cluster of old machines which Parker had picked up from the junk markets of Bombay. But they worked for Parker and turned out "filmindia" for us from month to month for years. And I still remember the afternoons when we both used to be very hungry, waiting for the postman to bring in a Rs. 3|4 V.P.P. for a subscription of "filmindia". And I remember how divine the postman looked to us and how we rushed to the restaurant for our meals, often forgetting to register the name of the subscriber to send him copies every month. Later,



Waterfronts make the mouths of lovers water. The reflection of their unity gives them a glimpse of the future and makes their minds vibrate with imagination. But what the water reflects in the beginning of a romance often ends as an illusion in life. Ragini and Shammi Kapoor make a new romantic team in "Mujrim", a sensational social theme.

we developed a technique of sending copies of "filmindia" to all those who vehemently complained that they had paid the subscriptions and not received the copies. When such complaints were received Parker and I looked at each other and wondered what day's lunch it was that had swallowed the subscription. We had no clerks, typists or accountants in those days. Nor even a typewriter. We didn't even know whether there were such things at all in existence. All we knew was a V.P.P. postman. We never saw God in a simpler dress. Hunger gives strange illusions.

From Jack to New Jack Printing Works Ltd., was a great overboundary of a financial loan transaction which Parker alone could score. The ball which he lifted over the boundary was called Seth Gobindram Seksaria, a lucky gambler who sat on crores and allowed rats to nibble at his fortune. Seksaria was an illiterate man and I don't know what Parker told him, perhaps something about printing currency notes, but the Marwari was tempted to shell out seven lakhs of rupees for the printing business. Within two months Parker started the New Jack Printing Works Ltd., and for the first time in his life bought several new printing machines. The new printing press soon became the biggest press east of Suez. The Ramgarh boy's dream had come true. The borrowed anna had multiplied itself gradually into fifty lakhs of rupees.

But with this unique success, Parker acquired a new habit. The Income Tax Department drove him to it as he saw the huge profits of his printing press disappearing into the coffers of the Government year after year. Parker decided to make non-taxable profits and bought a race horse and called it "New Jack".

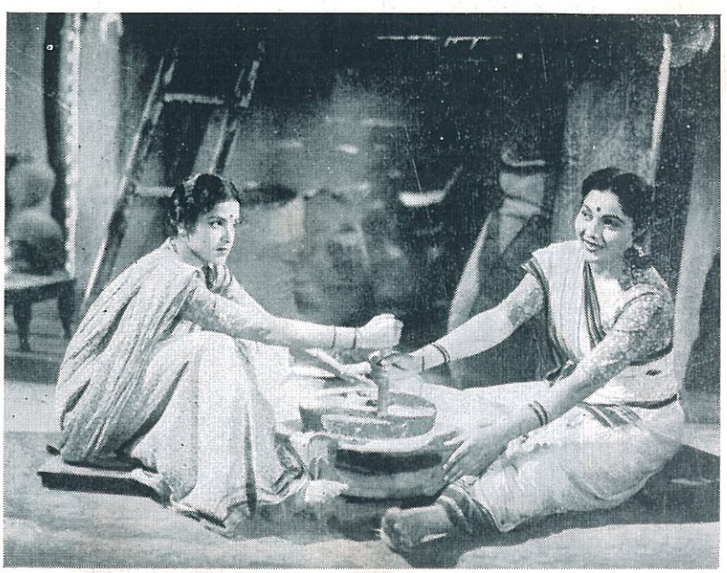
Everything that Parker did soon multiplied itself and "New Jack" gradually attracted 32 more companions in its stable. I was roped in as the natural partner in this racing enterprise, for I was the only Baburao whom Parker trusted and respected all his life. The other Baburaos he knew were reserved for the evening sessions of his Western cultural conferences when Parker described them in the peculiar Malwani language which can define a man's family tree completely, very often in a single expressive word.

Parker was a gambler by instinct. He had no respect for money. Money was merely a means to an end. A single bet of Parker on a horse very often touched the figure of a lakh of rupees. And I have seen many of these horses running in the ruck. When his great horse "Prince of Ramgarh" ran in the Derby, Parker put a packet of one and a half lakhs of rupees on the horse to win. Parker's "Prince of Ramgarh" was beaten by Chandulal Shah's "Balam". But the next week Parker had another lakh and a half on the same horse at better odds and "Prince of Ramgarh" won the St. Leger from Chandulal's "Balam". Parker rarely saw his horses running. What they brought home was more important to him than how they brought it home. Race horses were his currency printing machines doing overtime on the tracks till one day destiny decided to roll the carpet back. Parker's run of luck stopped and horse after horse carrying the handicap of his big bets shunned the winning post. Parker soon sold his horses and quit racing, having alone given the Turf Club a full year's profit in seven years of hectic racing.

But failures had never unnerved this gallant lad of Ramgarh. His art of borrowing big finance took him into other fields of commercial activities. He soon founded a modern unit for printing playing cards and for a while flirted with the idea of printing novel text-books for spreading education in the country. And all these he did maintaining his rare sense of humour in the midst of several heart-rending vicissitudes which a gambler with high finance cannot escape.

But Parker had more luck than training or efficiency. He had also a rare nose for smelling money in obscure projects of business. His overwhelming confidence in himself did the rest. Though beaten in the end, he refused to accept the beating. As he lay dying in his last bed, he was still making arrangements to meet the payment of a post-dated cheque which he had issued a week previously. For, Parker's life was a one thrilling career of post-dated cheques. He always bought things first and paid for them afterwards.

Parker was rarely surprised. He anticipated events pretty accurately. But once even Parker was surprised, so were all his friends. It was about the title of Rao Saheb which was conferred on Parker. This was one solitary instance in the entire British rule when a title was conferred on a man for not betraying a good cause. In fact, it was given to Parker for no cause at all—good or bad. It all happened this way. We had a



It needs age and experience to stretch the legs and sit flat on the bottom. Modern cycling women cannot do that easily. And unless women learn to stretch and relax easily they cannot make life a success. Shubha Khote is learning her first lesson from Nirupa Roy, the old-timer, in "Heera Moti", a domestic theme of home-grown rice and wheat.

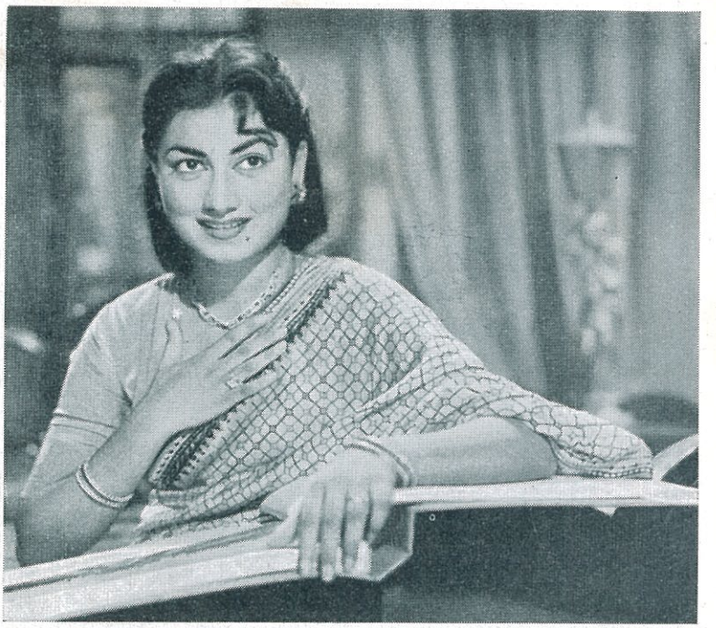
common friend, Lt. Col. Wahiuddin Fakir, who was in charge of non-combatant forces during the last war. Wahid loved Parker and at one of the Western cultural sessions, Wahid announced his intention of making Parker a Rao Saheb. Within a week of Wahid's return to Delhi, Parker received an intimation from the Army Headquarters that Parker was appointed a Captain of the non-combatant forces with his headquarters in Bombay. That evening we drank to the health of Capt. Parker. Parker, of course, kept himself busy in his usual role of raising new loans. But within a month Capt. Parker received an order for a transfer to Belgaum. That alarmed the new soldier of Ramgarh. He had not bargained for this. He was shocked. That night we 'phoned Wahid and asked him what was the big idea in this transfer. Parker wanted an immediate order of dismissal from the Army. But Wahid had set his heart upon making Parker a Rao Saheb. Wahid promised to cancel the transfer to Belgaum and soon fixed Capt. Parker permanently in Bombay to carry on his printing business.

On the next King's birthday, Parker was made Rao Saheb for "meritorious services rendered to the Government" and was presented a special revolver by the then Viceroy of India. Parker and I never got over this huge jcke. Parker used it to great advantage when he met Sir Rahimtoola Chinoy and other knights of the British rule. Parker used to be devastatingly entertaining in the midst of the august company of British knights, particularly after three doses of the essence of Western culture. He would tell the story of his "Rao Saheb" and ask others about their stories. And often he would turn round and tick off a pompous-looking British knight with the words "Sala, you are a bogus knight. I know the trick that brings these titles."

That was Parker. He never told lies. In business he used half-truths like Gandhiji. But at the evening sessions of our Western cultural conferences, he blurted out truth with devastating details and candour which embarrassed many people who had things to hide. And yet every one loved Parker. He had a weak smile that disarmed people.

Parker was a particular friend of the Income Tax people. One day they put on him a burden of just 40 lakhs of rupees for no earthly reason and crippled the adventurous life of this intelligent man. And whenever Parker called on them, they listened to him with their deaf ear. It was here that Parker lost his humour for the first time because this active man of creative ideas did not like to be paralysed. He stopped answering the various summonses of the Income Tax Department and told the Income Tax Officers to go to hell. The man got disgusted with life.

No one knows what exactly happened on the night of the accident. No one else was in the car and Parker was driving the car himself. He had always been a skilled driver and that night Parker had not even a drop of the essence of Western culture. Though it was ten in the night, Parker was still in the battle-dress of the day. He had no time to relax. His wife says that Parker had been extremely worried for a month over his income-tax affairs.



"Did you call me?" asks Minoo Mumtaz. But such anxiety shows only inexperience. Those who wish to arrive must mask their ambition if they wish to avoid the hurdles which the world pushes in their way. Minoo is fast learning this lesson in "Mai Baap", a social theme produced and directed by M. Sadiq.

Two days prior to the fatal accident, Parker spent three hours with me in my office, advising me not to irritate "those Income Tax rascals" by criticizing them. "They will ruin you without paying for your funeral expenses", he said, "this damn Congress Government hates enterprising men of guts. They want "hijdas" (eunuchs) in white caps to dance attendance on them." What Parker said was the truth. But that very truth demands courage to criticize wrong things and give our freedom some substance and meaning. I smiled at Parker, for I had learnt from him how to smile in the face of overwhelming odds. I had seen Parker smiling after losing his lakh-and-a-half bet on "Prince of Ramgarh" and that smile was infectious. It caught all brave hearts.

The real cause of Parker's fatal accident will never be known because dead men don't speak, and few can hear the voices from the other world. But in the lamp post, opposite the Vallabhbhai Patel Stadium, I somehow see the Narsimha Avatar of some obscure Income Tax Officer and wonder whether Parker was the helpless victim of the ferocity of this Congress deity. Perhaps I have a fertile imagination but being human I cannot help it, for, near that post I lost my pal and partner whom I deeply loved for 25 years, in spite of his thousand frailties.

Parker, the founder of "filmindia", is no more, but his brave smile in the face of odds, continues to inspire me to go on with the work he began. May God give peace to his soul. Amen.

"Girnar" Baburao Patel
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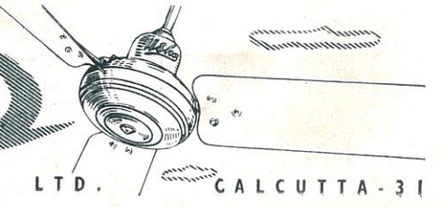

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PADMINI—

Those deep and dark eyes increase the fury of youth and make a woman the most irresistible temptation on earth. Padmini brings burning passion to the screen in "Ragini", a social tale produced by Ashok Pictures.

That is a rainbow of youth with an accent on all the seven colours. And in those eyes there is both the dimness of tears and the vision of sunshine to make life a colourful pattern for Nutan, the sigh of millions of screen fans. She will be soon on the screen in "Manzil", a romantic tale.

Mehboob's Gevacolour Classic "Mother India" In the Editing Room - "Raj Tilak" Becomes An Action-packed Entertainer—Kishore Kumar's Rollicking Rock 'N Roll in "Aasha"—Dev Anand Sets A Mathematical "Problem" In "Nau Do Gyarah"—Producer Meiyappan Launches Remake Of Tamil Hit "Kula Deivam"—"Aparadhi Kaun" Goes On The Floor.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Mehboob has at last completed his great colour classic "Mother India" after months and months of sweat, toil and tears. The result is a beautiful village story translated on the screen with the utmost sincerity and a rare depth of feeling never before experienced on the Indian screen. Producer-director Mehboob, who has tentatively fixed the release date of "Mother India" in the first week of September 1957, has now started the editing of the picture. This is another laborious job requiring hundreds of hours of solid work but for the painstaking Mehboob it is one more opportunity to make "Mother India" even more exciting for the filmgoers. "Mother India" stars our consummate actress Nargis in the title role with Raj Kumar portraying her husband. Rajendra Kumar and Sunil Dutt are cast as the good and the bad sons respectively of Nargis and Raj Kumar. The pathos of "Mother India" is woven around the conflict between the mother and the bad son. To lend box-office value to an already potential money-spinner, music-director Naushad has given some lilting tunes and cameraman Faredoon Irani scores of artistic and colourful frames to make Mother India" the hit of the year.

GEMINI STUDIOS (Madras)

Another indefatigable producer in our film industry is Producer-director S. S. Vasan, whose "Raj Tilak" is reported to have become a spectacular action-packed entertainer. Turning days into nights and nights into days, Vasan is likely to complete "Raj Tilak" in record time and put it on the screen by the middle of September. "Raj Tilak' stars Vyjayantimala, Padmini and Ganesan, supported by Jagirdar, Manmohan Krishna, Pran, Lalita Pawar, Kumar, Agha, Shammi and Master Romi. Music-director C. Ramchandra, who was in Madras recently, tuned the lyrics composed by Santoshi and they are now being picturized by Vasan. Some of the outdoors of "Raj Tilak" were shot in Mysore, to add more artistic appeal to the picture.

RAMAN PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Ambitious and hard-working Producer-director M. V. Raman has completed more than half of "Aasha", a bilingual musical social in Hindi and Tamil, (the Tamil version being titled "Athisaya Penn") starring curvaceous Vyjayantimala and Kishore Kumar. Shot with care and presented with a continuous eye on the box-office, "Aasha" has plenty of bright moments, one of the brightest being a rollicking rock 'n roll dance number in colour by versatile Kishore Kumar. It is in this number that Kishore is at his best. In the meantime, director Raman is finalizing plans for his next Technicolour picture "Jwala" starring Vyjayantimala—the idol of millions—and Sohrab Modi. Director Raman has also stolen a march on the other producers by signing petite and charming Jayashree for one of his forthcoming ventures. This Jayashree-starrer will be in colour to give Jayashree's fans an opportunity to assess her striking beauty in colour.

AVM PRODUCTIONS (Madras)

Producer A. V. Meiyappan has made arrangements to release the children's film "Hum Panchhi Ek Dalke" all over India in the month of August. This children's film, made by Mr. Sadashiv J. Row Kavi, brings together quite a few juvenile stars of our screen —Master Romi, Baby Daisy, Pappoo, Satish Vyas, Mohan Chhoti, Ghanshyam and Jagdeep —and some seasoned veterans like David, Murad and Achala, to bring home the moral of the story. Meiyappan, who has a good judgement of mass tastes, has now taken up for production a remake of the Tamil hit "Kula Deivam"—which went on the sets in April 1957. It is being directed by M|s. Krishnan and Panju and stars Balraj Sahani, Pandaribai, Shyama, Jawahar Kaul, Durga Khote, Anwar Hussain, Baby Nanda and others. Lyrics are by Rajendra Krishna and

NAVKETAN (Bombay)

Actor Dev Anand has by now established himself firmly as a producer and incidentally proved that a handsome, popular actor can also don the mantle of a producer successfully. More than half-way through is "Nau Do Gyarah" directed by Dev's talented younger brother Vijay Anand—probably the youngest director in the industry today. "Nau Do Gyarah" stars Dev Anand opposite his dreamy-eyed star-wife, Kalpana Kartik, supported by Shashikala, Lalita Pawar and Jeewan. As the title implies, "Nau Do Gyarah" is a comedy in which Dev Anand perhaps tries to set a mathematical "problem" for the filmgoers. But with Kalpana in the picture, we can assure you that the problem is relatively simple and within the solution of all lovers. Lyrics have been written by Majrooh Sultanpuri and set to music by S. D. Burman.

BIMAL ROY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Bimal Roy and his unit of stars and technicians spent a strenuous month shooting "Madhumati" in a dozen different locations at Bhowali, Nainital, Bhimtal, Ranikhet, Almora, etc. and returned to Bombay, tired but extremely happy

with the lovely shots captured for the picture. "Madhumati" stars Vyjayantimala, Dilip Kumar, Johnny Walker, Pran and Jayant. Meanwhile director Asit Sen launched "Aparadhi Kaun" on June 17, 1957, at the Mohan Studios, Andheri, to keep the production wheel moving. "Aparadhi Kaun" is an intriguing thriller starring Mala Sinha and Abhi Bhattacharaya, Motilal in a triple role and Helen, Minoo Mumtaz and Dhumal lending suitable support.

PUSHPA PICTURES (Bombay)

Director Shakti Samanta has completed eleven reels of "Hill Station", a tale of love in the hills, starring Bina Rai, Pradeep Kumar, Shyama and K. N. Singh. Producer A. A. Nadiadwalla hopes to release "Hill Station" before the end of this year. From studio reports, it looks as if "Hill Station" has the makings of a box-office hit.

K. AMARNATH PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director K. Amarnath shot an interesting sequence of "Bada Bhai" in Hyderabad recently, showing 200 rickshaw-pullers plying through the streets of this ancient city. "Bada Bhai" stars Ameeta, Kamini Kaushal, Kum Kum, Anant Kumar, Ajit, Nazir Hussain and Jayant. Other outdoors of "Bada Bhai" to lend realism to the story, were shot at the Aarey Milk Colony, one of the beauty spots of Bombay, and at "Girnar", the residence of Editor Baburao Patel.

CINE COOPERATIVE LTD. (Bombay)

Actor Balraj Sahni, turned director for this Cine Cooperative venture titled "Lal Batti", and shot a gorgeous song and dance number staged by the artists of the Little Ballet Troupe, now known all over India for their presentation of "Panchatantra" and "Ramayana" ballets. "Lal Batti" stars Mala Sinha, Balraj Sahni and Shashikala supported by Jawahar Kaul, Ruby Mayers, Kamal, etc. Balraj Sahni's co-director in "Lal Batti" is Krishan Chopra. The whole inspiration behind "Lal Batti" seems to be Balraj Sahni himself, who has written its story, the screenplay and the dialogue.

ASHOK PICTURES PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

Not only have the producers selected a beautiful title "Ragini", but they have made it equally exciting by starring beautiful Padmini as the heroine. Quite a few watched quietly the picturizing of two song-and-dance numbers, executed gracefully by Padmini, at the Modern Studios, Andheri. Veteran Ashok Kumar, Kishore Kumar and Jabeen constitute the rest of the cast to infuse in "Ragini" the requisite drama. O. P. Nayyar is composing the musical score.

BOMBAY MOVIETONE PRIVATE LTD. (Bombay)

By now Producer-director Raman B. Desai has become a past-master in producing mythologicals. His latest is "Naag Mani" starring the popular star team—Nirupa Roy and Trilok Kapoor—Manhar Desai and supported by P. Kailash, Sunder, Yashodhara Kathju, etc. Mr. Raman Desai, who has nearly completed "Naag Mani", is preparing to launch his next devotional "Agni Pariksha", a thrilling biography of Sant Sakhu.

Young Nargis, who begins life as a beautiful bride, soon becomes a charming old mother and one wonders whether there is more thrill in the old mother's divine wrinkles than in the shy blushes of the beautiful bride. But Nargis, the great artist, makes the journey from the bride's blush to the mother's wrinkles an unforgettable epic of the screen in "Mother India", the pride of India produced in colour by Mehboob. Young Rajendra Kumar plays the son in this great picture.

Jeevan is still at the old game of wooing girls with the help of sticks not knowing that girls now use sticks for drying their parties. Shashikala is not much impressed in "Nau Do Gyarah", a sensational social entertainer produced by Navketan.

KALA KUNJ (Bombay)

Produced with utmost care and keeping in mind the authenticity of the characters, well-known Producer-director-actor Chetan Anand is reported to have done justice to the theme of "Anjali", a story of Buddhist times. "Anjali" will be on the Liberty screen, Bombay, on July 12, 1957, the distributors being Cinemassociates. "Anjali" stars petite Nimmi, Sheila Ramani, Chetan Anand, Sitara and has Sapru, Kum Kum and Kammo in the supporting cast. Lyrics by Nyaya Sharma have been set to music by Jaidev.

KALPANA PICTURES (Bombay)

Popular hero Dev Anand, who is fast becoming typed in gangster roles, will make a welcome departure in Mandi Burman's "Manzil" where the handsome actor portrays a sentimental music director. And to make love more tender, pretty Nutan becomes Dev's sigh in "Manzil". Sachin Dev Burman, the music director, is spending sleepless nights tuning the lyrics of "Manzil" and those who have heard the tunes tell us that Burman's sleepless nights have yielded something unique.

D. S. FILMS (Bombay)

"Jeewan Sathi" is having a good run at the Krishna and other cinemas in Bombay where it was released simultaneously on June 14, through Black and White Movie Distributors. "Jeewan Sathi" is a story with many homely situations and stars Ashok Kumar, Usha Kiran, Anoop Kumar, Jabeen and Daisy Irani.

DANCING

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KUM KUM—

Spring has many blossoms in its garden of youth —each a rare flower in colour and contour. You will never find two women alike and that makes this man-made world a great hunting ground. Kum Kum is the year's best blossom just reaching out to catch the sunshine of fame and recognition. She dances into the hearts of millions in "Bada Bhai", a romantic tale produced and directed by K. Amarnath.

★

Each age has its surprise and where a woman is concerned her life is an unending chain of surprises. A woman cannot escape this fate because she spends her whole life in the arms of others and she never knows when she will be dropped down like a hot potato. Padmini is doing a bit of serious thinking in "Ragini". A girl has to with Ashok Kumar playing opposite.

★

BOMBAY CALLING

By JUDAS

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

THE ITALIAN CATTLE-LIFTER

51-year-old, bald Italian director, Roberto Rossellini, who directed that neo-realistic theme "Open City", recently thought that Bombay was as open a city for seduction of married women as was his birth city, Rome.

But Bombay made it pretty hot for this obviously sex-obsessed Italian, when in April last 51-year-old Roberto was reported to have tried to grab and take to his Christian neighbourhood 28-year-old, anaemic and skeletal Sonali Dasgupta, a married Bengali woman with a husband and two children.

It all began in December when Roberto Rossellini came to India to produce some documentaries for the Government of India. Rossellini was already a notorious name in motion pictures, not only for the neo-realism which this Italian director had introduced in his motion picture themes but also for the vigorous neo-realistic aggression, which he exhibited in seducing Ingrid Bergman, a married actress, and giving her a child out of wedlock. The passionate Italian could not even wait till Ingrid had got a divorce from her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. He had to take her to bed and prove the basic theme of Christianity that man was born in sin. The Bergman-Rossellini man-in-sin was a boy.

That Rossellini had come for producing documentaries was interesting news to 35-year-old, California-trained, Bengali graduate, Hari Dasgupta. Dasgupta had already produced a documentary called "The Sun Temple Of Konarak". He was thus already a celluloid relation of Rossellini. Dasgupta and Rossellini soon became friends and the young enthusiastic Bengali began to play the host to Rossellini, inspired, probably, by Nehru's continuous accent on hospitality to foreigners of all shades and colours.

At the first dinner in the Dasgupta home on Peddar Road, Roberto Rossellini met Sonali, the 28-year-old, anaemic and skeletal wife of Hari Dasgupta. In her fish-like eyes, Roberto saw another Stromboli. Hari Dasgupta never even dreamt that a man, who was fortunate enough to be the husband of the world-famous actress, Ingrid Bergman, would have anything but polite interest in his skeletal wife with a thin and silly piping voice. He continued to call Roberto a big brother.

But the big Italian "brother", who was separated from his own wife for a year now, soon got excited and after the manner of his race is reported to have decided to seduce Sonali. Roberto soon said that Ingrid was not fit to tie Sonali's shoelaces and drew dream pictures of gaiety and glory if only Sonali would be interested in artistic film work.

To Sonali, trained in Shantiniketan, art had been the greatest frustration. Here was an opportunity which a well-known foreign director was offering her. What did it matter if Roberto was 51 and bald? Close the eyes or switch off the light and age and baldness always disappeared. Sonali decided to launch her ship in the Tyrrhenian Sea and "see Naples and die". Sharing a man with the great Ingrid Bergman was an opportunity which Hari Dasgupta could never offer her, seeing that Hari had no chance to get into Ingrid's bed, even when she was out marketing.

Sonali soon became a script-writer of Roberto Rossellini on Rs. 2,500/- a month, with of course, the Government of India paying the money. Though Sonali had never written a script in her life, Roberto said she had great talent for writing. And Sonali got such lightning flashes of original script ideas that to catch them, Roberto thought that Sonali must live in a room adjoining his own.

So on April 28, 1957, Sonali Dasgupta left her husband's

Sonali Dasgupta—28-year-old mother of two children. She tried to burn a home to build a little nest of ambition.

home, leaving her husband and one child behind, and shifted to the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay with her 7-month-old baby. She took up Room No. 544A while Roberto Rossellini, her employer and director, lived in Room No. 544. The antennae for catching Sonali's lightning brain-waves were now set. The Government of India was now going to get great documentaries with the Italian's "Bella Bambina" lodged in the adjoining room.

But Hari Dasgupta did not like the vacant space in his double bed. He was too good an Indian to fill it up in a hurry. And when his 4-year-old son asked for mother, Hari did not know how to explain. It was only after Sonali shifted to the Taj Mahal Hotel, that good, old Hari realized that the Italian, whom he had fed and entertained for months, had turned round and bitten him. The "big brother" had taken the little brother's wife away, apparently for script-work. His home was in ruins. His son was an orphan with distance and another man between him and his mother. Hari was heartbroken.

All that day, Hari rushed about like a mad man asking friends for advice, begging people to do something about the shame and disgrace which his wife had brought upon him. Hari loved Sonali. He wanted her back. But who could restore his wife to this heartbroken husband in Nehru's democratic India with Panchsheela and coexistence in vindictive glory? The police of the city guarded the rooms of Sonali and Roberto, so that their script could be written without any interruptions from outsiders. In those two rooms, Roberto and Sonali were doing documentary work for the Government of India. While this new "document" was being forged, Hari thought of committing suicide. The disgrace of the whole affair had overwhelmed this scion of a cultured family of Bengal. As the news travelled to Calcutta, Hari's old mother sank into a sick bed. In the excitement, Hari's brother rolled down a staircase and was removed to hospital muttering the words, "Oh, the disgrace of it all!" Indians don't need bullets and sleeping pills to kill them. Shame can kill millions of good Indians. And Sonali had brought eternal shame to the proud and cultured Dasgupta family.

Friends surrounded Hari and stopped him from the final rash act. Hari had seen a dream of his young body floating in the sea. The dream kept Hari's friends awake night and day and Hari is still a voter of the Congress.

Mrs. Bimal Roy, the charming and dignified wife of our famous producer-director, whom Sonali called 'Auntie', called on Roberto Rossellini one morning at the Taj Mahal Hotel and asked him for an explanation. Roberto said, "I love the girl. I want to marry her. She is such a fine girl. Her husband has persecuted her. I want to protect her from him." Mrs. Bimal Roy retorted, "India has a population of 360 million people to protect her. Why does she need a man from Italy to do that?" Roberto shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Bimal Roy walked out in disgust at the brazen behaviour of this Roman Romeo.

But two days later, she walked into Prime Minister Nehru's house and asked him what he was going to do about it. The scandal thus reached our Everest of power. Nehru became furious. When some one said that Rossellini claimed Nehru as his pal, the Prime Minister forgot Panchsheela and is reported to have cried, "That rascal! Does he say I am his friend? I barely met him. He is no friend of mine!" Some one suggested that the family should have hired a gang of goondas to thrash the Italian rascal. In a moment Nehru forgot his Gandhian non-violence and snapped out, "Why didn't you?" Rossellini's visa is now in jeopardy.

In Bombay, the newsreporters kept Sonali and Roberto on their toes. A member of Parliament, according to a press report, bluntly asked Roberto: "Are you sleeping with Sonali?" Roberto hestitatingly said, "No". "Oh, sort of brother-and-sister affair, eh?" said the Parliamentarian. "I wouldn't say that either", replied Roberto. The Indo-Italian romance is at the rehearsal stage. The script has evidently not reached the bedroom. Or has it already? Time will answer that question, lovers being chronic liars all over the world.

But newsreporters would not allow Sonali and Roberto to write the script of the Government of India peacefully. So one day Roberto disappeared from the hotel and the next day Sonali followed suit. Sonali did not return to her husband's home. She is being sheltered by friends—probably members of Indo-Italian Friendship Society. Sheltered, and, of course, encouraged!

We are not concerned with the end of this disgusting scandal. Who is Sonali in a homeland of 360 million people? We can afford to lose one girl with a character that flutters like a flag of the U.N.O. with the least breeze of gaiety.

But after forgetting the individual, Sonali still remains the symbol of an Indian home—the woman who is supposed to represent all that is great in our culture and traditions. In seducing Sonali this Italian rascal has not merely taken a woman to his design of sin but has outraged the sentiment of a whole nation. That is where it hurts us all. Roberto Rossellini richly deserves to be hammered not by goondas but by gentlemen and if Roberto goes to Calcutta he won't miss this free service. But till Roberto goes to Calcutta it won't be a bad idea for the Bengalis of Calcutta to stage their usual peaceful demonstration in front of the Italian Embassy in Calcutta. The Italian Government must know that our Dipalis and Sonalis are guarded by Bengali tigers.

In the Sonali-Rossellini scandal, however, there is a great lesson to be learnt by our modern couples, who roll their hips and masturbate their nerves on the rock 'n roll floors of our clubs and then go home to breed little monsters of modern culture.

The man to blame in the Sonali-Rossellini scandal is not the Italian sinner but the Bengali blinker who allowed his wife such a long rope that she ultimately hung him with it. Hari Dasgupta is a combination product of the East and the West. His Californian education has made him painfully polite towards women. He has danced and dined with women of the West and

probably enjoyed their licentious liberties. But what is good for the West is not good for the East.

When modern, young husbands in India take their wives to clubs and social functions and throw them into the arms of other men, they risk a home every time. This is an age of temptations and frustrations and 999 women out of every 1000 modern women pile up frustrations every minute of their married lives and in doing so list up the defects and shortcomings of their own husbands to justify the gay time offered by other men. That is not the way to build a home.

Every modern woman these days wants to, "do Europe and America" but neither her husband has the money for it nor has the Government any foreign exchange for it. Such women who cannot "do Europe and America" because of their unsympathetic circumstances soon agree to "do Europeans and Americans" when they meet these foreigners in clubs and social functions. The grand dinner parties which some of the foreign embassies throw in cities like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and New Delhi provide all the opportunity that is needed to the foreigners to seduce "that cute one in sari" after presenting a trifling trinket from America and unloading a lorry-load of love and temptations of travel.

In New Delhi, at some of these embassy parties not only young but also elderly married women—mostly wives of well-placed officers of State—are seduced by these foreigners to extract various State secrets from them. In our opinion, almost every modern woman who regularly goes to an embassy dinner stands suspect. She is there either for the thrills of illicit sex with foreigners or for money and presents which these foreigners shower upon her for their own design.

What modern young husbands, who loosen the reins of traditional control over their bed butterflies, don't realize is that once a woman—who is at best only a child of emotions—is allowed to dance in the arms of another man, she is never again the wife that he once married. A woman has to be protected every minute of her life not only against others but from herself. The easiest thing for a woman to do is to slide into sin. In her bed of emotions there is no bar of creed, colour, culture or nationality. She melts all these values into her little cup of sexual thrill and does not care what the world thinks about it. But while doing all this, she burns her home and in the burning home we find the charred remains of her married life.

That is precisely what happened to Sonali Dasgupta. Her frustrations took her away from her home and husband, the foreigner's temptations did the rest.

But the tragedy of such women has to be traced to their husbands and not to the seducers who come for a season of sex. If the modern young husband would only look back to the life his parents led, he won't easily walk under the canopy of the international Panchsheela, trading-in his counter of social recognition. Of course, it will need a little more manhood than that shown by our modern young men these days but then it is worth developing this manhood to be the master of one's home rather than put the wife into circulation as a negotiable instrument of society for personal promotion.

Homes and nations are built by men of strong character and not by women who melt their virtue in the crucible of sex with their first collision with temptation. The future pillars of our nation would do well to remember this if India is to remain the land of glory that it once was.

MORARJI MUST SAVE OUR PEOPLE

On Monday, June 17, 1957, Bombay was shocked by another deliberate daylight gangster crime and murder designed after the famous Lloyd Bank Robbery.

It was at 2.35 P.M. in the afternoon, right at the junction of Queen's Road and Thakurdwar Road, that a small van belonging to the Aarey Milk Colony was stopped by a light blue Pontiac car from which two armed gangsters jumped out and without much ceremony dragged out S. J. Coelho, the driver of the van, and stabbed him to death. The other gangster, armed with a revolver, dragged the Gorkha watchman sitting by the side of the driver and shot him in the arm. He missed the Gorkha's heart. Sitting inside the car were a cashier and a clerk with two bags of the morning's cash collections, one containing Rs. 70,000|- and the other Rs. 14,800|-. They were too dazed to do anything. The gangsters escaped with the bag containing Rs. 14,800|-. The Gorkha watchman was not armed. His duty seems to have been to absorb bullets. He absorbed two in his arm.

Next day the police found the Pontiac car. It had a false number plate, BMU 1483. Its original number plate bearing BMU 1699 was found inside the car. The car belonged to Mr. S. Chopda of Carmichael Road who had reported the car as stolen three days previously. Within twenty-four hours, the police made two arrests and recovered a revolver and Rs. 5,500|-. The Bombay Police are always quick in tracing the culprits when a crime is shocking enough to give the police some good publicity. The quickness with which they effect the arrests by going straight to the homes of the offenders sometimes makes one wonder whether the crime had been committed with the connivance of the police. It is not an easy job to find two desperate criminals in a population of three million people that live in Bombay. But the Bombay Police do the trick again and again when they need a bit of publicity as conscientious guardians of

the public. What they can't, however, find are the bootleggers even with the whole city smelling of illicit liquor.

50-year-old Sylvester John Coelho, the driver of the van, got a good funeral with hundreds of people following his bier. That is one thing about a tragedy. Its ceremony is always crowded. There is no entertainment tax on natural tragedies and human beings love to waste a lot of unwanted sympathy and sighs on a corpse that rises to heaven on the newswings of tragedy. The sudden emotional catharsis which a tragedy causes provides them with temporary relief and escape from their own problems, for man loves to watch with sympathy the tragedy that befalls his neighbour. On this perverse thrill of a tragedy which man enjoys in sighs and tears, the Christians built a mighty religion of love. So corpses which go to the grave with a mantle of tragedy on them also create something. When Mahatma Gandhi accommodated three bullets of an assassin, not only did he give the nation a new altar but he also gave to the florists of New Delhi an eternal guarantee of good business. Let us hope the poor corpse of Sylvester Coelho, covered with the mantle of tragedy, does some good to the living corpses he left behind in his dear land.

Twenty five years ago we never had such violent, daylight gangster crimes in India. They are recent growths of our flirtation with American culture. The British rulers somehow, in spite of their having only one-third of the police force which we have now, managed to prevent such violent daylight crimes. But in Gandhian India, with the song of non-violence sung round the clock, gangsterism seems to have taken deep roots in our country.

Not that we do not know the reasons. We do. "filmindia" has been campaigning for years against crime pictures coming from Hollywood and those produced in India. We woke up the sleeping conscience of the film censors and compelled them to ban hundreds of crime pictures from Hollywood. But did that remove the evil? The answer is found in the cold corpse of Sylvester Coelho.

When our censors stopped Hollywood's crime pictures, the Indian producers took over the fell work of producing our own crime pictures. Crime pictures have a quick and easy market which can make even a stupid producer a millionaire with a single picture. Our censors, however, never banned a single crime picture produced in India and in doing so exposed themselves to the criticism that Hollywood's crime pictures were banned by our censors for reasons other than that of such pictures being anti-social—probably because of political or commercial reasons.

"filmindia", however, has no such mental reservation where crime pictures are concerned. A crime picture is bad and anti-social wherever it is produced—in Hollywood, India or Timbuctoo. A crime picture must be banned because it teaches crime to a people, and not because of its label of nationality. But our film censors seem to see the label first before they ban a crime picture. That is not lending good conscience to social work which film censoring essentially is.

If our film censors had banned some of the crime pictures produced in India, we would not have to be pall-bearers at Sylvester Coelho's funeral today. For, the violent crime which sent Sylvester Coelho to heaven with such expedition has been shown in our crime pictures at least a score of times.

We do not think our film censorship will ever improve because it is in the hands of incompetent people without any imagination or social conscience. But we have now new hope in the restriction on raw film imports which has been forced upon us because of our delicate position in foreign exchange.

The other day, Mr. Morarji Desai, our Minister for Commerce and Industry, said that Government was thinking of issuing licences to producers to regulate the consumption of raw films and to control unnecessary waste of our foreign exchange resources. This, in our opinion, is a good opportunity to see that the raw film, which we buy from foreign countries with the price of our blood, is used in a manner to do the greatest good to our people.

The scarce supplies of raw films which we will get in the future must therefore go into the hands of producers whose productions contribute to the general welfare of our people and not a foot of film should be given to those who have produced cheap and anti-social crime pictures to make quick and easy money.

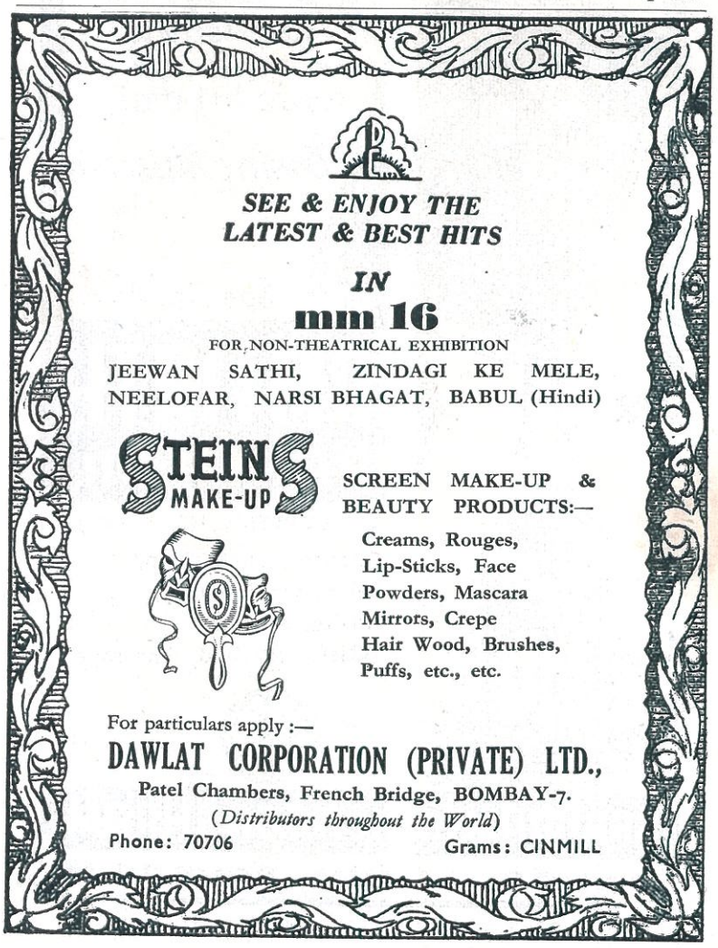
Morarjibhai, therefore, should not allow licensing of film quotas to become a blind mechanical affair based on a previous record of productions—whatever their social or anti-social themes. It is essential, on strictly social and national grounds, that while granting licences for raw films, the nature and quality of the previous work of a producer should be assessed from the viewpoint of general national welfare. If our Government bans the imports of crime comics and pornographic literature, it has every right to put a stop to the production of crime thrillers which teach our people new methods of violent crime and gangsterism.

The licensing of film quotas can thus be used as a great social measure and we would support Morarjibhai fully if he refuses raw film to such producers who have produced nothing in the past but dangerous crime thrillers.

The one man who can do this is Mr. Morarji Desai because he knows how stupid and supine our film censorship is. Let us hope he doesn't fail us.

NEW HEIRLOOMS OF INCOME TAX

Little Baliram Bhagat, our Deputy Minister of Finance, added insult to injury the other day when he spoke in Poona about the new taxes and said that honest tax-payers would not



That is how they enter male hearts—on tip-toes. But once in they start the stamping Tandav. Ragini is no exception. Watch her breaking a male heart in "Mujrim", a sensational social theme.

be subjected to unnecessary harassment. The naivete of little Baliram Bhagat in giving this bland assurance has the brazen innocence which a cat displays at the sight of a mouse within easy reach.

What does little Baliram mean by the word "honest"? Who is an honest man? Is Pandit Nehru who used the spade of his power to dig a grave to bury the stinking corpse of the Jeep Scandal an honest man? Is Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari, who rode into limelight on the Cotton Scandal, an honest man? Is Morarji Desai, the pseudo-Mahatma who gave the Tube Well contract to Governor Munshi's son-in-law, an honest man? Is Dr. Radhakrishnan, our Vice-President whom "Insaf" of "Hindustan Times" accuses of recommending people for important jobs in various ministries, an honest man? Is Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, whose virgin womb carried the illicit foetus of the failure of Prohibition for ten long years to abort it only when she lost her moorings in the Cabinet, an honest woman?

Who is honest in this world? And who is to decide who is honest? Surely not the Income Tax Officer who manipulates his Order Sheet to suit his own design to bleed the assessee! Little Baliram is talking through his Gandhi cap when he gives us an assurance that honest tax-payers won't be unnecessarily harassed. It is certainly polite to do so, but it is not being quite honest when little Baliram says so. For, Baliram has enough experience of the administration by now not to realize that the Income Tax Department is perhaps the most corrupt and dishonest department in our State. How can this department which mainly thrives on an unlawful law ever recognize honesty in others and appreciate it by being sympathetic and considerate towards honest assessees? One has first to have a definite conception of honesty and then the vision to see it before one can proceed to recognize it and appreciate it in others.

The Income Tax Department, as it is administered today, proceeds on the assumption that every assessee that enters its portals is a scoundrel and puts the onus of proving otherwise on the assessee. With such a perverse preamble, the rest of the story of tax-collection reads like a tragedy in which brave enterprise and honest intentions assume the garb of morbid suspicions dyed in the bloodthirsty designs of the various officers of the Income Tax Department.

Let us take Section 34(1) of the Income Tax Act which puts a resplendent mantle of honesty and efficiency on what would otherwise have been described as laziness, inefficiency, negligence and very often sheer dishonesty on the part of an Income Tax Officer.

This laboriously-worded section gives power to the Income Tax Officer, in the first instance, (a) to reopen assessment cases for **eight** previous years if he has "reason to believe" (the word "reason" is not defined here and "believing" is entirely dependent on the perverse preamble previously described) that an assessee has not **fully** and **truly** disclosed material facts necessary for his assessment in previous years and has therefore "escaped" assessment or was "under-assessed" or assessed at "too low" a rate or was given "excessive relief"—by, of course, the predecessors of The Income Tax Officer reopening such a case, in the second instance (b) to reopen cases for **four** years, even if there has been no omission or failure on the part of the assessee, because the Income Tax Officer has, in consequence

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of **"information"** in his possession, (again) **"reason to believe"** that income, profits or gains chargeable to income-tax have escaped assessment, have been under-assessed or assessed at too low a rate or have been given excessive relief.

Under the alpha and beta of this section, the Income Tax Officer is authorized to excavate cases 4 and 8 years old, of-course with the previous sanction of the Commissioner who must be satisfied with the **"reasons"** given by the Income Tax Officer.

But to show you how easily the Income Tax Commissioner is satisfied, we give below an extract from the judgement of Justice Beaumont, Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court:

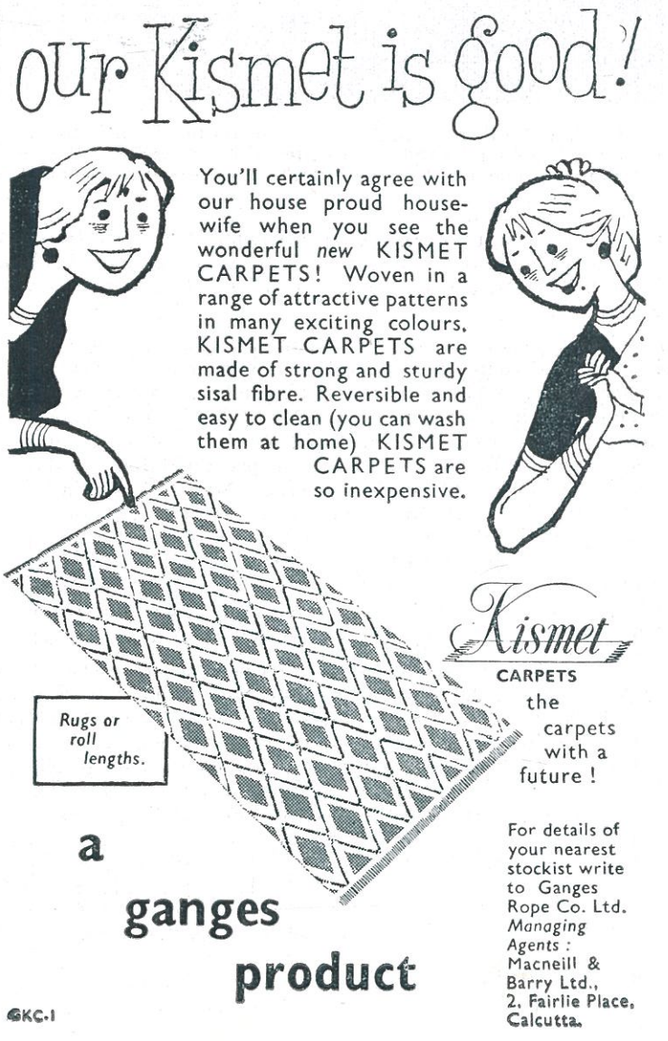
> "I have been hearing income-tax references in this Presidency for the last thirteen years, and I would say that in **at least ninety per cent** of the cases which have come before this Court, the Assistant Commissioner **has agreed with** the Income Tax Officer, and the Commissioner **has agreed with** the Assistant Commissioner, however complicated and difficult the questions must have been.
>
> "But although that may have been the result in practice of giving a right of appeal to superior Income Tax officer, **I apprehend that, that was not what was in contemplation of the Legislature when they gave the right of appeal. I have no doubt they contemplated that superior officers would exercise their powers in a judicial spirit, and consider on merits the cases which come before them."** (Commissioner of Income Tax vs. Edulji E. S. Dinshaw, 1943, I.T.R. 340).

Though the administrative structure has slightly changed to give the devil's workshop a veneer of equity, the **conspiracy of agreement** between the various tiers of authority continues as merrily as it did during the days of the British rule. It has perhaps become worse with most of the Indian officers having less honesty and character in Gandhian India than in British India.

So when the Income Tax Officer sends a memo recording his **"reasons"** for reopening cases for 4 or 8 years to the Commissioner, he gets the Commissioner's sanction in a jiffy and without a question. Pandu, a much-harassed peon of an Income Tax Officer, is reported to have once turned round and said, "Why send Section 34 papers to the Commissioner and make me go up and down unnecessarily? Why not ask for his rubber-stamp and put it on yourself?" Pandu, the peon, has summarised the present situation very correctly. The Commissioner's sanction is a sham which has a still-born existence only in the cold print of the law book. It has no living body in a general conspiracy of bleeding citizens by hook or by crook—mostly by crook.

As we have said before Section 34(1) of the Income Tax Act is born in the cradle of the Income Tax Officer's laziness, negligence, inefficiency and often dishonesty. It is mostly dishonesty. Normally no Income Tax Officer would allow an assessee to escape assessment of income. But when his palm is greased—and most of the Income Tax Officers have itching palms—he agrees to overlook certain items of taxable income or too easily accepts naive explanations of the assessee and proceeds to under-assess the income of the assessee. Though such cases are frequent and they deserve to be re-assessed, there are still many cases which do not at all merit reopening for re-assessment.

But whatever the complexion of the cases, guilty or innocent, it is always the assessee who is looked upon as the offen-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der. The Income Tax Officer, who under-assessed the assessee originally to cure the itch in his own palm, is never hauled up and asked for an explanation. If that had been done on grounds of promoting honesty and efficiency in the officers, one could understand the harassment which an assessee has to undergo after his cases are reopened under Section 34. But like Caesar's wife, the Income Tax Officer always escapes and even his crimes of corruption are consigned to the limbo of oblivion. This, to say the least, is unfair. The crime of bribery has two partners. If one is being punished after 8 years, why is the other allowed to escape? The very fact, that a certain amount of income has escaped assessment, especially under Section 34(1) (b) in which the assessee is not even guilty of any obvious omission or failure, and a case of re-assessment has become necessary under Section 34, is prima facie evidence of some monkey business while making the original assessment. Why is then the Income Tax Officer not held responsible? For, it is he who cheats the Government by committing a breach of trust, and not the assessee who, in sheer sense of self-protection, would be justified in avoiding heavy taxation? A Department, with Ministers who talk of honesty and honest taxpayers must answer this question if its own credentials of honesty are not to be questioned.

Coming to the practical working of Section 34(1), it is a section that allows a wild scope to the evil genius of every Income Tax Officer. Having obtained the rubber-stamp "sanction" from the Commissioner, he issues a notice under Section 22(2) calling upon the assessee to produce all the books of account and bank pass books for eight years, within a month. The Income Tax Officer soon proceeds to examine these and prepares a volley of queries asking detailed and correct information about numerous transactions which took place eight years ago. An average letter has 20 queries and in an average case over 30 letters are sent. Wholesale extracts of account books are called for. Often Inspectors are sent to seize account books under, of course, the Commissioner's rubber-stamp sanction. If an assessee has paid Rs. 10|- to his wife or taken a temporary loan of Rs. 100|- from his wife, his wife is summoned under Section 37 and asked on oath a hundred embarrassing questions. She has to remember the date and details of small domestic transactions which took place eight years ago or be condemned as a liar. A pet question which an I.T.O. asks for the usual conveyance item is: "What is the proof that you went in taxis?" Now, what proof can be given to this fellow when taxi-drivers don't give receipts for the fares they receive? Another pet query for travelling expenses is: "Have you kept the rail ticket for the travelling you did?" Now, how can the assessee retain the rail ticket when ticket collectors at railway barriers don't let him go home till the ticket is handed over to them? The assessee's answers, based on practical life, never satisfy the Income Tax Officer and he soon disallows and adds conveyance and travelling expenses to the assessee's income. The assessee has no defence against this arbitrary addition.

Another favourite trick of harassing and ruining the assessee is to summon, under Section 37, his moneylender if the assessee happens to be trading on loans. Most of them have to do so these days. The moneylender is called with all his books of accounts for eight years and asked to prove his loans. His books are examined and re-examined to the point of torture, till the moneylender gets disgusted with the assessee and refuses to give him further loans.

The Income Tax Officer, after the first issue of notice under Section 22(2), usually fixes most of the subsequent appointments verbally, rarely recording such appointments by letters. This verbal business gives the Income Tax Officer an opportunity to manipulate his Order Sheet in which he unscrupulously continues to record remarks like: "The assessee did not attend today in spite of promising to do so", "The assessee promised to bring his books of account today but did not bring them. He says they are lost", "The assessee attended seven times but

Naag Mani

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and
MANHAR DESAI
with
P. KAILASH — SUNDER — YASHODHARA
KATJU — SHEILA KASHMIRI

Story: K. V. PATEL, B.A., LL.B.
Songs: PRADEEP
Music: AVINASH VYAS
Photography: DINU M. DESAI
Production Executive: NATU B. DESAI
Directed By: RAMAN B. DESAI

Distributors:

BENGAL: Kapurchand Private Ltd., Calcutta.
BOMBAY: Kapurchand & Co., Roxy Cinema, Bombay.
EAST PUNJAB: Rajkala Pictures, Jullunder.
C.P.C.I.: Vasant Pictures, Bhusaval.
DELHI, U.P.: Wadia Paramount Pictures, Delhi.
SOUTH: Mahendra Pictures, Secunderabad.

Our Next: **AGNI PARIKSHA (Sant Sakhu)**

produced no evidence in support of his purchases." The variety of such incriminating remarks on the Income Tax Officer's Order Sheet is endless. They are all intended to prove that the assessee was given several opportunities to explain his case but he did not use them and therefore the Income Tax Officer proceeded to make his best-judgement assessment. The tragedy of this domestic procedure is that the assessee is kept completely in the dark and is never made aware of the fact that his visits to the Income Tax Officer are being used for piling up adverse evidence against him. He wakes up after receipt of the Assessment Order when he sees the remark, "the assessee was given several opportunities to explain his cash credits but he did not avail himself of them." And when the innocently duped assessee runs up with the most convincing explanations in the world to the Appellate Assistant Commissioner, that dignitary coolly says, "I cannot admit this evidence now as the assessee had failed to present it at the I.T.O. stage, in spite of being given several opportunities to do so." The Appellate Assistant Commissioner takes his cue for this decision from the Order Sheet of the Income Tax Officer, which is, at best, a manipulated document for the common departmental design of drawing blood from the assessees. But the net result of this trick is that the assessee is hanged without even a trial.

This happens too often and yet strange as it may sound, a majority of assessments made under Section 34 are never confirmed by the Appellate Tribunal in spite of manipulated Order Sheets and unblushing advocacy by the Appellate Assistant Commissioner. But, imagine the distress and ordeal the assessee has to go through before he reaches the presence of the Tribunal judges. The departmental executioners have, in the meanwhile, been at his throat, his assets, his business and his reputation with all the torturous instruments the law has provided them with.

The latest tailpiece to this section is the right of the Income Tax Department to reopen cases for 15 years if the tax escaped amounts to a lakh of rupees. Of course, a veneer of equity is provided by making it necessary to obtain a previous sanction of the Central Board of Revenue for doing so. But does that "sanction" mean anything, except that the rubber-stamp is used in New Delhi?

The conspiracy of tax-collection is thus structural. It flows from the top and concentrates its venom at the bottom. It is the Income Tax Officer who has to do the biting with the poison fang.

Section 34 thus never permits any case to be ever finally concluded. It perpetuates the torture of an assessee. And it hurts because it is usually used to torture law-abiding assessees. The professional tax-evaders, with millions at stake, usually manage to buy the Income Tax officials by their weight in gold and are never worried about the problem of reopening of cases. It is the little man who is constantly hurt.

If the Section continues to be on the statute and if it continues to be administered in the heartless and fraudulent manner in which it is usually done now, citizens will have to give up bequeathing family Bibles and Bhagvad Gitas to their heirs but will have to leave behind account and bank passbooks for fifteen years as parental heirlooms.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE —

THAT describing the pomp and show of our new "blue-blooded" Congress lords, Acharya Kripalani said that he was sent an invitation to lunch at Raj Bhavan with a chart showing the dining room, the location of the table and his assigned seat. The old Acharya was impressed with the ceremonial protocol. But when he arrived for the lunch, he found only three persons present and the old Acharya was the fourth. 296 invitations were thus wasted.

THAT at the same lunch with the Governor, Acharya Kripalani was handed over a menu listing among other things: 'harhar ki daal', 'tomato', 'potato', 'peas', 'baingan ki bhaji', 'rice' and 'ice cream'. But he soon discovered that all the articles mentioned in the menu, except of course the ice cream, had gone into the making of a single dish. Then why was the menu printed, thought the Acharya? How could Cambridge-trained Nehruans eat without a menu? An Englishman doesn't take even a medicine without baptizing the disease first.

THAT there is at least one Congressman in Nehru's Uttar Pradesh, who has the courage of his mother's milk to tell the truth. Congressman Banarsi Das shocked the courtiers of the Kashmiri Moghul when he tabled a non-official resolution at the recent A.I.C.C. meeting proposing that Nehru should step down from the office of Prime Minister and work for the Congress Party. Banarsi Das knew the mind of other Congressmen but when Nehru frowned on the resolution, Banarsi Das was prevailed upon to withdraw the resolution. Anyway, Nehru now knows how badly he is needed. But Kashmiris always come to dinner and overstay. They never take gentle hints.

THAT Congressman Banarsi Das also surprised Gandhian Congressmen when he put up another non-official resolution suggesting a maximum salary of Rs. 1,000|- per month for all Congressmen holding official positions. Nehru sabotaged this resolution by saying that Rs. 500|- of 1931 were now equal to Rs. 2,500|- and there was no need to cut down the salaries of Congressmen. But when put to vote the resolution was lost by 38 votes to 32. That shows how the wind is blowing.

THAT of all people that toothless Maharashtrian Congress leader, Kaka Gadgil, now threatens to bite other Congressmen.

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The last generation would not have dared this though they would not have missed it in the privacy of their bedrooms. Modern couples want to prove the courage of their sex by making a public exhibition of their private intentions and depriving the dogs of their monopoly. Ragini and Shammi Kapoor raise new problems of romance in "Mujrim", a social theme.

Gadgil told the A.I.C.C. that he would ask the people to vote against the Congress if the Congress Government did not improve the lot of the common man before the next elections. Well, the Congress Government has already done that by putting new taxes on almost everything that the common man eats and needs. That is preparing the common man for heaven. What more does Gadgil want?

THAT power needs sex to build a powerhouse and even Marxism has no alternative solution. In Kerala, Communist Labour Minister T. V. Thomas, a Catholic, recently married Communist Revenue Minister Miss Gouri, a Hindu, probably to prove that Communists took secularism even to bed. Now Thomas will soon have to transfer the labour portfolio to Gouri and take over the revenue portfolio himself. In marriage the portfolios have natural sex, though in politics they undergo sex transformation.

THAT Maulana Azad, our Minister of Education, has raised the standard of education so much during the last ten years that some candidates, who recently appeared before the Uttar Pradesh (Nehru's home province) Public Services Commission, said that "Dr. Rajendra Prasad is the Chairman of the Chinese Republic; Mahatma Gandhi is the fastest human being on earth; Vitamins are the inhabitants of Viet Nam, etc." All these bright boys will soon be made Income Tax Officers.

THAT Morarji Desai, our pseudo-mahatma who is perhaps much irritated by his self-imposed celibacy, cannot understand why figures of women are used for selling goods. "Mahatma" Morarjibhai thinks the practice to be unethical. We would have agreed with him had the Congressmen not used charming girls like Indira Gandhi and the Maharani of Gwalior to catch votes for the Congress during the last elections. After all, good citizens that we are, we only follow the Congress and use the same bait on our hook.

THAT Chintu Deshmukh, our ex-Finance Minister, recently confessed that he had no influence whatever with the Union Government and as regards State Governments, "my relation with them was just the opposite of having any influence". That is why old boy Nehru clings so tenaciously to office, for without power there is no plaudit.

THAT quite a few election tricks of Congressmen are coming to light slowly. In one such trick the Rajasthan Finance Minister is alleged to have written a letter to a government official asking him to look after his (the Finance Minister's) election campaign. Are we surprised? Heavens, no! We know a thousand more tricks which brought the Congress, back into power. And each one of them is a dirty trick.

THAT in the new "austerity" drive for personal prosperity, Pandit Nehru has decided to go to office riding on the German scooter presented to Rajiv, and T. T. Krishnamachari is going to ride on Morarji Desai's back to reach the post of the Prime Minister. Wonder who will accommodate Govind Ballabh Pant, the shaking bundle of the nation.

THAT many passengers of the Indian Airlines are reported to have cancelled their journeys at the last minute when they discovered that Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari was travelling by the plane. It seems that whenever T.T.K. travels by plane, it always loses height and meets with some accident. One wonders whether T.T.K. is destined to go to heaven in a plane? We hope not. In any case, it would be wise to give T.T.K. a special plane every time to keep the record of the Air Ministry clean.

THAT of all people Comrade S. A. Dange was robbed of Rs. 300|- in his Party's office at Lucknow. Now the Communists have really started practising what they preached so long: equal distribution of wealth. Dange does have more money than the other Communists.

THAT a Congress member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly was found so fast asleep, while the House was in session, that he had to be tapped on the head six times before the little chap would agree to open his eyes and ask, "Where am I?" An Opposition member quickly replied, "In Gandhian paradise!" Prohibition does keep many members busy in the nights, investigating the possibilities of making this racket a success.

THAT Uttar Pradesh seems to have taken the present "austerity" call of Pandit Nehru rather too seriously. In Banda, the Collector of the district is reported to have sacked a cat which looked after the rats with special appetite for old records and saved Rs. 3|- a month. Didn't we tell you that "austerity" was a clownish act in the Congress circus?

THAT the Bihar police authorities have decided to grant 1000 gun licences to as many villages to combat the dacoity menace in Bihar. That settles our accounts with the honest dacoits but what are the villagers to do about the Congressmen? They will need a hydrogen bomb, perhaps, to make mass destruction effective.

THAT film actress Madhubala is reported to be suffering from a new malady these days, called, the Kumar headache. When she gets these attacks during lunch intervals at the studios, she needs some Kumar or other to massage her head. In the Modern Studios, the good old Ashok Kumar has often to stand at service, while in the evening Pradeep Kumar has to take the actress for long drives. Why not follow the homeopathic system and call back the Kumar who originally gave the

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EXPERT LADIES TO TRAIN LADIES

headache? The allopathic method of counteracting one Kumar with another won't cure a chronic headache. They are different poisons altogether.

THAT on June 4, 1957, Nutan, our charming film actress, at last reached 21 and became a major. Mama Shobhana Samarth celebrated the event by presenting a beautiful bungalow to Nutan, completely forgetting that Finance Minister T.T.K. will want all the living rooms for his Income Tax Officers, pushing Nutan into the garage like a bottle of illicit liquor. Now, the problem for Nutan is to find a housekeeper for the bungalow. Shobhana often wonders whether cameramen can be good housekeepers? She definitely knows that film directors are no good. They are worse than rats. They desert even a floating ship. Or does the ship desert the rat?

THAT way out in Moscow, realizing that Nargis, our great star, had recently broken from her rusty moorings, Producer Ahmed Abbas gave her a grand birthday party on June 1, and invited our ambassador K. P. S. Menon to propose the toast. Menon and Russians drank to the health of "an eternally young artiste". That was a wrong toast because it smelt of "in spite of" and Nargis is still too young to deserve it. A cable which tried to sponge itself uninvited came from Raj Kapoor wishing "happy returns for sake of old times". That sounds like a sigh from a jilted Devdas! And we thought modern young men had some pride. Let us spare feelings by not describing the fate of this cable.

THAT film actress Nadira is reported to have left for a continental tour all alone "to get the roses back" in her cheeks. We always knew that Arabs took perfume out of roses by crushing them. These Bedouins never make good gardeners. Let us hope Nadira gets her blood and curves back quickly.

THAT film actress Sheila Ramani, the Sindhi sigh of Chetan Anand, is also contemplating a continental tour. Says Sheila, "I have got an itch in my foot that makes me feel like travelling every time I see others doing so." Let us hope the itch becomes an eczema and settles down only in the foot and doesn't spread to other parts, seeing other actresses having itch all over.

THAT Port Trust Engineer Rummy Sood has become such an expert baby-sitter—thanks to the training Kamini Kaushal has given him through years—that he can now handle babies at any age. Recently in Hyderabad, during the outdoors of "Bada Bhai", he showed his skill in spoon-feeding that little dancing starlet, Kum Kum, and bringing new life into her tired legs! Rummy is a great guy for nursing babies when mothers are out of sight.

THAT with age advancing film actress Kamini Kaushal seems to be already thinking of another profession. She is reported to be training her taste buds by sampling various brands of beer these days and one wonders whether she is going to be a professional beer-taster—a very paying profession? Solan Breweries, please note!

THAT film actress Mohana, who reached New York, said that her name meant "temptress" and inflated herself to give a proof of the pudding. That gave a knock-out to the Yankees who wanted Mohana's measurements to compare them with those of Jane Russell and Jayne Mansfield. But Mohana said, "Bring them on the television and let us see who tells on the vision of Americans." Mohana at least proves that India is a land of milk and honey.

THAT film actress Nargis is already in her second birth if we are to believe what she says. Confessed the great actress recently, "The old Nargis died in those flames (the fire accident in "Mother India"). No one understood her ('No one' means Raj Kapoor, of course!). Only I ('I' means the daughter of Jaddan Bai). I knew her. I am her soul." It all sounds so highly spiritual in dry Bombay. Anyway, let us hope that in her second birth, Nargis doesn't miss becoming at least a Rajkumar-i, if not a Raj Kapoor-i.

THAT film actor Sunil Dutt has already started going home late, keeping his mother waiting and worrying till the early hours of the morning. His companion tells us that the moonlight trips are innocent. We believe her. But one need not reenact the scenes of "Mother India" and torture the mother too long. A hint to the wise should be enough. Mother is still the greatest altar on earth.

THAT of all people, our glamour boy, Dilip Kumar, is learning Bharat Natyam these days. The teacher is Vyjayantimala. That is, of course, Gandhiji's way of wooing people. He did a Bhangi's work to win over the Bhangis. What, however, Kamini Kaushal (Mrs. Know-all) objects to is why Dilip never showed any interest in Bharat Natyam before, seeing that she knew the dance all along?

THAT playback singer Talat Mahmood is reported to have opened a teenage music circle, with a 14-year-old Sindhi belle named Amber as his favourite pupil. Let us hope we don't have another tale of "Forever Amber".

MARCH OF TIME

★ **The experienced ones always have a cynical expression. Life probably has no more novelty to offer them and they look at everything with a lofty contempt. Let us see what pretty Shashikala is about in "Nau Do Gyarah", a romantic tale produced by Navketan and directed by Vijay Anand.**

HIGH AND THE LOW

Swedish Princess Margaretha, 22, grand-daughter of Sweden's King Gustaf VI Adolf, hit the headlines in quite a few London newspapers, after an inconclusive romance with 25-year-old British piano player, Robin Douglas-Home. The romance reminded many of Princess Margaret's affair with Group Captain Peter Townsend that had created a furore in British high society, not so long ago.

Margaretha had met Robin at a London night club when he was playing the piano. Very soon they began dating and Robin proposed to Margaretha, forgetting temporarily the theory of blue blood, which the pretty princess carried in her veins. Young and impulsive, Margaretha accepted the proposal.

But the idyllic story of love between the princess and this commoner got a rude shock when Princess Sibylla, Margaretha's mother put down her foot with an unrelenting "no". So did the 74-year-old King Gustaf of Sweden.

Baron Carl-Reinhold von Essen, Master of the Royal Household in Stockholm, quickly issued a formal statement saying, "It was a little innocent affair in London, as so often happens between young people and the whole matter was declared ended with the Princess Sibylla's reply to the Englishman's letter of proposal. This reply was very polite but definite. The proposal was, from the Swedish viewpoint, to be considered impossible".

Thus ends in smoke another love episode between the high and the low.

HUMANIZING TECHNIQUE

In an effort to rid bureaucracy of its nose-high-in-the-air attitude, the Chinese Communist Party's central committee has sent directives to government officials, intellectuals, army officers, etc., to do a little manual work alongside peasants and workers.

To begin with, this campaign will not go beyond the level of country organizations, large factories and universities but by autumn it is expected to spread to basic administrative units and to party rank and file.

Many have started complaining that the bureaucracy is fast losing touch with the masses. This ideological movement will perhaps, remove the disparity between the bosses and the masses to some extent but in the Communist power game the bosses must necessarily remain aloof.

It is high time Pandit Nehru, who often criticises our bureaucratic officials for their "coat-and-tie mentality", introduced a scheme of manual work to make them more human and tolerant.

ENDING BLACK MAGIC

The Egyptian Government has started a campaign against "black magic" and other superstitious customs that are making the every day life of the lower class Egyptians miserable. With this goal in view, a committee headed by Ibrahim Mazhar, who is in charge of Social Planning, Ministry of Social Affairs, has been formed to root out this evil.

The Committee has listed about 78 "bad customs" which have been not only the bane of Egyptian society but also a drain on the meagre purses of the poor people.

For instance, the "zar" is a custom prevalent among the lower uneducated classes in which a sick person is supposed to be possessed by a spirit. The cure is effected at a "zar" by the patient dancing hysterically to the sound of the drums while a Sheikh utters some unintelligible words asking the spirit to leave the patient. Then there is "magic" used to win love or to create hatred between people.

The Ministry has a colossal job before it. For driving out centuries-old customs is no joke. It requires tact combined with long patience.

SAFEGUARDING WHITES

Mr. Johannes Viljoen, South Africa's Minister of Education, moved the second reading of the Separate University Educational Bill at Cape Town, on May 27, in the House of Assembly.

The Bill provides for the establishment of four universities for non-whites and for closing all existing white universities to non-white students. Over a hundred university students, many of them women, wearing black sashes demonstrated outside the House.

Mr. Viljoen said that the "open Universities" of Cape Town and Witswatersrand would in time become predominantly non-white, giving no scope for white students. "To safeguard the standard of education at non-white colleges, the Bill provided that the University of South Africa would be their examining body", added Mr. Viljoen. The total estimated capital cost for the buildings of the proposed new University colleges was £2,826,000 sterling.

In love man is always a supplicant asking for a little accommodation in a woman's bed. Sunil Dutt begs for his dole from Padmini in "Payal", produced by Madras Talkies.

Whatever the cost, education in South Africa has to be labelled black and white to support the Government's apartheid policy.

NO BABA-BABY MARRIAGES

The Government of British Guiana will soon introduce a Bill to abolish child marriages among the Hindu and Muslim residents of British Guiana.

The minimum Indian marriage age is being fixed at 16 for males and 14 for females. The Bill also seeks to recognize Muslim maulvis and Hindu priests as marriage officers.

The Bill is a sensible move though it remains to be seen how far it will be actually successful in preventing child marriages.

DISEASED COMMUNISTS

Though Marx, Engels and Lenin—the three main pillars of Communism—called prostitution a capitalist evil and Stalin even refused to believe that prostitution existed in Soviet Russia, reality is slowly dawning on the Soviet rulers, who now can't get away from the fact that there are plenty of prostitutes in this "paradise". An article in "Trud" recently did give some interesting details.

The satellite states are also no better. A Hungarian magazine recently put down the prostitutes in Budapest alone at 10,000. In Poland there are over 230,000 prostitutes, half of them being below 25 and one in three a teenager. Most of the Polish prostitutes are from the working class or peasant families.

What is, however, rather alarming is the high rate of syphilis present amongst these prostitutes because "after the official statement that prostitution had been liquidated a number of venereal disease dispensaries closed down".

As a first step in propaganda, the Gomulka Government released "Paragraph Zero", an anti-prostitution film, which was banned for some time.

Even Communism, it seems, is helpless where trade in flesh is concerned.

AN EARLY "DEATH"

"Picturepost", one of Britain's popular illustrated magazines, went off the stalls, after nearly 19 years of publication.

Publisher Sir Edward Hulton attributed its death to "costs of production caused by great increases in the cost of paper and by constantly increasing wage rates have made publication completely out of question". Sir Edward Hulton also thought that commercial television had weaned away thousands of readers.

Whatever be the reasons, it is a pity that a magazine of 19 years' standing should close down.

LOTTERY BAIT

Soviet Russia has now introduced a form of State lottery with a view to getting more subscriptions to the annual State loan.

The total subscription to the loan is said to be Rs. 13,000,000,000. The first prize is about Rs. 6000/-. No interest will be paid on the money lent to the State.

Even in Soviet Russia where the State is considered to be divine, people have to be lured with lotteries to part with their money.

ELIMINATING PROCESS

The notorious purges in Soviet Russia from 1936-38 during the Stalin regime, when not only the alleged culprits were liquidated but also their wives, children, brothers, sisters, etc., sent to prison camps, were done under Article 58 of the Soviet penal code.

Recently Soviet Deputy Attorney General P. I. Kudryavstev told visiting Harvard Law School Professor, Harold J. Berman, that Article 58 had not been used "in a single case in the past three years", that is after Stalin's death. Article 58 may soon be expunged, because it has become a "dead letter".

But the Soviets have other provisions in their code books to look after these innocent relatives. The Communist ideology can never change. It seems to believe in getting rid of "undesirable" people by hook or by crook.

OUR INSPIRATION

In a radio broadcast from Peking Radio, Chang Sin Fu, leading official of the State Planning Commission, painted a rosy picture of Red China's first Five-Year Plan.

Chang said that China had increased her steel production as fast as Britain did in the 23 years between 1880 and 1903. The output of steel rose from 1,35,000 tons in 1952 to almost 5,000,000 tons this year.

The plan was intended to increase the value of industrial production at an annual average rate of nearly 15% but actually it reached an annual average rate of 17%. In agriculture, however, production was expected to reach an average increase of 5% instead of 4.3% planned.

Pandit Nehru, unfortunately, can't claim any such tangible benefits from India's first Five-Year Plan except a colossal waste of 2363 crores of rupees.

SALARY ON PAPER

The highest paid executive in the U.S. last year, according to recent statistics, was the Board of Bethlehem Steel Corporation who earned an annual 809,011 dollars. The next highest was Harold M. Curtice, President of the General Motors Corporation who earned 695,100 dollars.

But income-tax swallows a person's income pretty fast and out of 809,011 dollars received. Eugene Grace could keep only 133,000 for himself and his family.

One has, therefore, to work for the Income tax department first and then for oneself.

ECONOMIC ENIGMA

The economic recovery of the once-devastated areas comprising the present Bonn Republic within a decade is one of the most fascinating stories of recent times. Almost every one in West Germany has a job. Bonn has probably the soundest currency in Western Europe while the rate of industrial production keeps increasing.

But the standard of living is not very high. 75% of West German families have an income of less than 600 marks (150 dollars) a month. 30% of the families live in apartments containing two rooms or less. Only 11% of the people own an electric refrigerator. Some 10% own a washing machine and 1% a television set.

According to Ludwig Erhard, Minister of Economics, in spite of all this prosperity, everything is not well with West Germany. Says Erhard, "We must fear inflation. We must keep prices down. We cannot afford a wage-price spiral".

Labour unions have demanded the shortening of the work week to 42 hours without a loss in pay. At the moment industrial workers work for 48 hours a week and farm workers 64 hours a week.

Economists are probably overcautious but with a hard-working people like the Germans, there should be no fear of an economic collapse.

SOVIET SUBMARINE THREAT

Mr. Christopher Soames, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Admiralty, told the House of Commons on May 13, 1957, while speaking in the debate on the Navy estimate, that Soviet Russia's submarine fleet was a big danger to the world. Russia had 500 submarines in commission, over half of them built for long-range operation.

Said Mr. Soames, "This is the biggest submarine fleet the world has ever known and their production programme is in full swing....We believe that by 1960 they would be able to deploy continuously 150 submarines in the Atlantic". Mr. Soames also added that in case of a war, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization "has every intention of protecting the Atlantic sea lanes".

No one knows who counted the exact number of submarines Russia owns but her military strength is giving a headache to the NATO powers.

WIPING OUT SLAVERY

A new international agreement against slavery came into force on April 30, when Britain ratified it. The Soviet Union ratified it on April 12.

Thirty-two countries, including India, signed the convention adopted at a U.N. conference in Geneva on September 7, 1956.

The new "supplementary convention on the abolition of slavery, the slave on trade and institutions and practices similar to slavery" requires the contracting Governments to work for abolition of debt bondage, serfdom, child servitude, sale of brides and the inheriting of wives. The new convention makes conveying slaves on the high seas a crime as severely punishable as piracy, a right limited to the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean up to 26 degrees south and 62 degrees, east longitude, near the western tip of Pakistan.

But in spite of all its professed sincerity, the U.N. is powerless to stop the abominable slave traffic still going on merrily under the nose of His Majesty King Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz of Saudi Arabia. And only recently had King Saud shaken hands with President Eisenhower in the U.S.!

FROG DELICACIES

The latest dollar earner for Kerala is frog meat. America, it seems, is getting more and more fond of frogs, probably because of the many Chinese restaurants existing there.

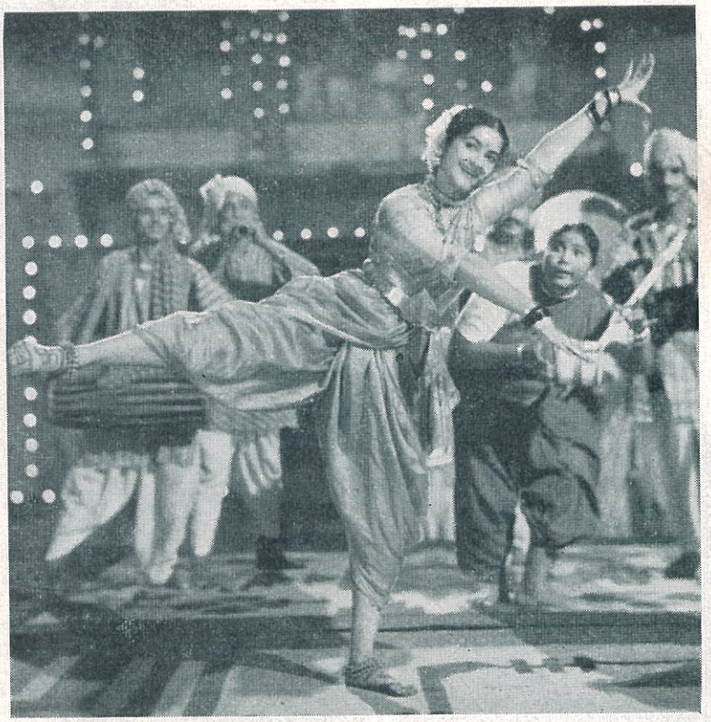
During the last six months, two firms in Kerala engaged in exporting frozen prawns, exported about a lakh and a quarter pounds of frozen frog meat to America. Freshly caught frogs fetch over 70 naye paise per pound.

The unemployed in Kerala thus have a new job in view—frog-catching.

NARCOTIC DRUGS

The U.N. Commission on Narcotic Drugs unanimously recommended on May 13, 1957, that all Governments should increase efforts to fight illicit production and traffic in narcotic drugs.

The 8-member committee which submitted its report to the Commission said that the basic features of illicit traffic in narcotic drugs remained unchanged in 1956.



At this rate Kamla Laxman is going to upset the gravity of the earth. This one-leg business is soon going to make the second leg look superfluous and then what is going to happen to our second Five-Year Plan? It has to stand on two legs to succeed. Let us see what charming Kamla is trying to tell us in this precarious position in "Chandan", a thrilling entertainer directed by M. V. Raman and produced by Fali Mistry.

The report said that there was no official information from Burma regarding illicit traffic in 1956. It also expressed "surprise" that a large quantity of morphine had been confiscated in Syria during 1955 but no reports had been received from the Government for many years. The Committee asked the Secretary-General to ask Syria for detailed information and to urge Syria to report promptly on seizures.

The Syrians are evidently good at the disappearing trick.

EDUCATING THE BLIND

Faculty members and students at City College, New York, have started a free lending library of tape recorded college text books for blind and visually impaired students. The first book to be recorded was "Basic Principles of Economics" by Paul Samuelson. Fourteen reels of tape were required to complete the 500-page text.

Harvey Honig, a former City College Student, thought of this idea. His eyesight became visually impaired while studying and he therefore decided to do something for the blind.

This is just the beginning. Very soon, said Honig, "We hope to have a complete lending library of basic texts that will be sent from college to college as the need arises".

Some enterprising man in India should start some such scheme for our blind too!

SCHIZOPHRENIC SPIDERS

Neuropsychiatrist Dr. Nicholas Bercel, of the University of Southern California, has some 70 small spiders (Zilla x-notata) as his subjects to study the effects of chemicals on behaviour.

The spiders were first given a diet on flies and made to settle down to a routine life when they wove perfect webs of the traditional pattern. Then they were fed with dead flies which had their blood replaced with human blood serum taken from schizophrenic patients.

These spiders, Dr. Bercel noted, became dull and listless and instead of weaving their usual web, spun only very ragged ones.

This has led Dr. Bercel to believe that schizophrenia is perhaps due to a disorder in blood chemistry. Dr. Bercel will now experiment with the serum of one-time schizophrenic patients now cured, on his spiders and see whether they spin perfect webs.

ANALYZING SCHIZOPHRENIA

At the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association held in Chicago recently, biochemists pointed out the value of chemical treatment of schizophrenia and other mental disorders.

The test originated by 27-year-old Swedish biochemist Dr. Stig Akerfeldt had been used by U.S. researchers with minor changes by adding a chemical called DPP. The DPP reacts to a copper-containing enzyme—ceruplasmin—present in the blood. The reaction, said Dr. Akerfeldt, measures not the amount but the activity of ceruplasmin which is dependent on the presence of a second substance called K2. The blood of schizophrenics contains a lot of K2.

Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane University said that he extracted from the blood serum of schizophrenics a substance which he called taraxein. This taraxein when injected into normal monkeys causes symptoms similar to schizophrenia.

Dr. Heath also tried some extract got from the "septal region" of bovine brains on "schizophrenic" monkeys and found that they behaved normally.

NEW LEASE

A Los Angeles heart surgeon, who performed a heart operation on 37-year-old Mrs. Dorothy Hull, found that after he had sutured the two holes in the wall separating the upper chambers of her heart, her heart began to fibrillate. Electric shocks were given but didn't help. Finally the surgeon took the heart in his hands and began to massage it. He squeezed the heart at a rate of 80 to 90 compressions a minute. After an hour and a half, the heart began beating normally.

Said the convalescing Mrs. Dorothy Hull, "I never knew I had died until they told me yesterday".

STUDYING HEARTS

Seventy heart specialists from U.S., Britain, Canada, Germany, Sweden and Finland met in Milwaukee, U.S., to discuss the effect of work on the heart.

Drs. Amasa B. Ford and Herman K. Hellerstein of Cleveland who studied men doing a variety of jobs reported that the average worker spent less energy on the job than he did off the job. His average energy consumption during working hours was only 1.97 calories per minute but during 8 non-working waking hours an average worker used up 2.96 calories per minute.

Cardiologist Dr. William Dock of the Palo Alto medical clinic said, "that off-the-job causes predominate in light industry and personal services, and far outweigh occupational causes in white-collar groups." Among off-the-job causes of heart attacks, continued Dr. Dock, is sexual activity—"the main factor in young and middle-aged women, and equals all other causes in men. Getting to and from work and moving household furnishing become very important factors after age 50... Among all the (white-collar) employees who develop heart trouble, it is unlikely that occupational causes contribute ten percent of the total".

So work doesn't actually kill. It is other activity that causes the strain.

CURE FOR LOCKJAW

At the sixth International Congress of Otolaryngology held at Washington, D.C., recently, Dr. Joseph Vincent DeSa of Bombay, reported success in the treatment of a strange, new disease that closes the mouth like a form of lockjaw with two anti-arthritic drugs—cortisone and hydrocortisone.

Dr. DeSa said that these drugs administered either orally or by injection into the affected mouth areas helped in unlocking his patients' jaws with a drastic suddenness. The relief lasted from 8 months to two years. Repeating the treat-

ment again gave "similar dramatic response".

INEXPENSIVE METHOD

President Taei Shimizu of Okayama University and Professor Masahira Hayakawa of the Institution's biochemical laboratory have discovered a simple and low-cost method for producing cortisone and progesteron.

The basic substance for the two drugs is got by treating a culture of streptomyces gelaticus with biliary acids. At present, U.S. manufacturers prepare it from a root extract by a complicated and expensive process.

Professor Hayakawa said that he would announce his findings to foreign medical institutions in Europe, England, etc.

LONGEVITY PRESCRIPTION

The secret of a long life has been the subject of much investigation by geneticists and geriatricians. According to the findings of some American geneticists who interviewed a large number of people in their eighties, if you want to live long, you should have long-living parents, a college education, control your appetite, try to achieve eminence and finally retire in a farm at Nebraska, the state in U.S. which has the record for highest longevity. These findings have been supported by a New York geneticist who followed the histories of 933 pairs of twins.

Educators, clergymen, lawyers, engineers, etc., as a rule live longer than physicians.

Indians, however, trained to think on fatalistic lines, never worry about longevity. They believe in dying on the appointed day.

ROARING BUSINESS

Life insurance business in India seems to be on the increase according to figures furnished by the Indian Year Book, 1956, published by the Government.

Indian insurers took out more than 7,49,000 policies in 1955, assuring a sum of Rs. 220.85 crores and yielding a premium income of Rs. 11.39 crores.

Foreign insurance companies took away from India a business of Rs. 17.44 crores and 22,000 new policies during 1955.

On September 1, 1956, the Government of India nationalized the life insurance business. Let us wait and see how much good nationalization has done. The 1955 record is, of course, before the Government took over the insurance business.

A CROWDED WORLD

The U.N. Demographic Year Book for 1957 has enough material in it to cause some alarm to population experts. The U.N. study shows that the population of the world outside the Soviet Union is increasing at the rate of 5000 per hour or 43,800,000 per year. The present world population is estimated at 2,700,000,000.

Though Asia is the most populous continent, the highest rate of population increase is in Latin America (2.6% per year). The world birth-rate during 1955 held steady at the recent annual rate of 34 births per thousand people, the death-rate during the same year being 18 per thousand.

But the increase of population need not worry the Asians at least. Hydrogen and atom bombs will take care of them.

ALL CONTAMINATED

Addressing the U.S. Senate House Atomic Energy Committee, atomic scientist Dr. Alvin C. Graves said that there was no such a thing as a "completely clean" hydrogen bomb free of radiation fall-out with its dangers to humanity. Said Dr. Graves, "We have agreed that we cannot produce an absolutely clean weapon. I think that is clear."

Dr. Graves, himself, had a nuclear accident at the Los Alamos laboratory in 1946 when a co-worker of his brought together enough uranium to start a chain reaction. Dr. Graves, who was a foot away, received 200 roentgens of radiation, about ¼th of the fatal dose. He lost some hair and felt weak for six months. The radiation did not leave any permanent effect except a cataract in the eye.

Dr. Charles Dunham, Director of the Division of Biology and Medicine of the Atomic Energy Commission, also pointed out that the development of atomic energy and the release of radio-active materials were inseparable.

And yet, in spite of all these known hazards, U.S., Soviet Russia and Britain continue to detonate bombs from time to time.

QUACKING MENACE

Professor Engelebert Broda of Vienna University, at a conference on drainage problems, said that streams near atomic reactors can become radioactive to a great exent. He found that plants, fish and especially ducks stored radioactivity as an accumulator does electricity.

In his opinion, ducks could store up radioactivity from water to become 15,000 times more radioactive than water. Eating such ducks, cress, or fish was highly dangerous for human beings.

The quacking ducks are, therefore, not as innocent as they look.

ANOTHER SMASHER

The University of California at Berkeley set in motion its gigantic machine for attacking atoms. Called Hilac (heavy ion linear accelerator) the Berkeley machine cost $1,70,000.

Instead of using atomic chaff, the machine uses heavy elements as nitrogen and neon as its projectiles.

The Hilac will be used mostly for transmitting elements, particularly in trying to create new elements heavier than mendelevium (element 101).

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Women who think often look at the world through the corners of their eyes. Women can never look straight at the world and permit a straight thought to enter their skull. Thoughts have always to enter at certain angles to become crooked designs. Let us see what is Kalpana's design in "Nau Do Gyarah", a Navketan romance. We are sure it is not a mere addition of two digits.

powered merchant ship will go into construction soon as a result of a joint project of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Maritime Administration. The cost of the ship is estimated to be 40 million dollars. Being nuclear-powered, there will be no smokestack in the ship. It will accommodate from 50 to 100 passengers and bear a capacity of 9000 to 12,000 deadweight tons of cargo.

The first voyage of this atomic-powered ship will be in early 1960. The ship, incidentally, will be a good advertisement of the atoms-for-peace programme, though it is not expected to be a commercial success.

SPIRITED JET

A U.S. Air Force supersonic F-100-F Super sabre jet called "The Spirit of St. Louis II", is reported to have established a new trans-Atlantic speed record by crossing the Atlantic in 6 hours and 41 minutes.

Major Robinson Risner, the 32-year-old pilot left Mc Guire airfield, New Jersey, at 11-31 a.m. on May 21, and landed at Le Bourget ariport, Paris, at 6-13 p.m. the same day. Major Risner made his landing at the same spot where 30 years ago Charles E. Lindbergh had landed after making the first trans-Atlantic flight.

The spot has thus acquired a historical significance.

RADIATED LUNCH

U.S. Congressmen and news reporters were served a three-course lunch consisting of food two months old, treated by atomic radiation, by the U.S. Army and presided over by the Army Secretary, Mr. Wilber Brucker, at Washington, U.S.

The reporters also tasted a tin of black currant jelly made in England in 1911 and left by Sir Robert Scott in a food cache in the Antarctic in 1912. The tin had been found last year by some members of a naval expedition.

Though the methods of preservation were different in the two cases, one being by irradiation and the other a 45 years' deep freeze, both foods were said to be savoury.

As the Congressmen and reporters who tasted the lunch are still living, we guess the "radiation" did them no harm.

INDUCING GROWTH

Using gibberellic acid, an amazing substance produced by the Gibberella genus of fungi, scientists at the Agricultural Research Centre in Beltsville, have been able to induce rapid growth in plants, often doubling and tripling their heights. 1-millionth of an ounce of gibberellic acid in 1 ounce of water is enough to do the trick. Experiments are still being conducted to prove that the acid can be used to force seed production of biennial crops such as cabbage and beets in the first rather than the second season of growth.

Meanwhile Cornell University scientists are experimenting with the milk of nuts like cocoanuts, horse chestnuts and English walnuts. The chemicals secured from this milk are known to be powerful growth-promoting substances. Four chemicals have been so far isolated while one of them has been identified as diphenyl urea.

"BASTARD" BERRIES

A gardener of Manosque, France, is puzzled at getting strawberries from a plum tree instead of plums. When the plum tree was inspected by an expert, he noticed that the plum tree was growing in a strawberry bed. There was no other explanation and he said it was a "a phenomenon certainly unique in the annals of agriculture".

Isn't that like finding crooks growing on the Gandhian Congress tree? Well, this is a strange world!

CHANGING COLOUR

Professor Jacques Benoit of the College Science in Paris and his band of workers are these days peering over a number of ducks' eggs in the laboratory. The ducklings that will emerge from the eggs will give them new clues to the laws of heredity whereby an injection can turn black babies into white or vice versa.

So far in Benoit's experiments six yellow ducks changed their colour to white. Now they are waiting to see what characteristics these chemically-treated ducks will pass on to their young.

If yellow ducks can be turned into white, why not human beings? Biologist Professor Jean Rostand thinks that that day is not far off.

These scientists are evidently trying to change the complex pattern of nature.

ATOMIC PLANT-BREEDING

For the first time a conference of research workers on genetics, plant and animal breeding was held in New Delhi on May 23, 1957.

Addressing the workers, Union Food and Agriculture Minister, Ajit Prasad Jain, said that the Government had proposed to set up cobalt 60 gamma radiation fields at the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, Bombay and at the Jute Research Institute. Researchers could then study fully the potentialities offered by mutation research.

INSECT FLIGHT

According to studies made by Dr. Brian Hocking, professor of entomology, University of Alberta, no living insect can fly faster than 27 miles per hour in level, continuous flight or 35 miles in a short burst.

Professor Hocking measured the power required by a number of insects in flight, their capacity for nectar as fuel and their efficiency. The monarch butterfly can carry fuel for a flight of roughly 620 miles.

"WILDCAT" WELL

The first deep "wildcat" oil well was drilled at Nedhri village in West Bengal. This joint Indo-American venture which took seven years of patient exploration, may perhaps lead to the discovery of a rich, new oilfield. The 17-acre location has been equipped with every modern device and is manned by an expert crew of American oilmen.

Usually one in every 967 "wildcat" wells yields a major oil field containing over 50 million barrels of oil. To drill a 10,000-feet "wildcat", at least 80,000 to 120,000 dollars are required.

Anyway if this spot doesn't turn out to be a success, then the crew will move on to another spot.

HEARTENING PICTURE

According to figures furnished by the Indian Bureau of Mines, mineral production in India is said to have reached a new high in 1956. The total value of mineral production was Rs. 116.4 crores which was 10.8 crores more (10%) as compared to the previous year.

There was an output of 39.4 million tons of coal, the chief commodity, valued at Rs. 57.6 crores and represented an increase of 1.2 million tons over last year. The State collieries contributed 1 lakh tons.

Other minerals in order of importance were manganese ore (Rs. 24.7 crores), mica (Rs. 7.7 crores), gold (Rs. 5.8 crores), salt (Rs. 5.5 crores), iron ore (Rs. 3.9 crores) and limestone (Rs. 3.3 crores).

Production of metallic minerals valued at Rs. 40 crores in 1956 was higher compared with Rs. 31.8 crores in the preceding year.

Let us hope the second Five-Year Plan with its emphasis on industrial development finds us in an even better position at the end of it.

SYNTHETIC OIL

A U.S. manufacturer is reported to have produced a new synthetic product that is likely to replace the use of lemongrass oil which at present is exported from India.

India exports 1,70,000 gallons of citronella oil annually valued at Rs. 1.5 crores. This oil is used in the manufacture of vitamins and by the perfumery industry.

The new synthetic product utilizes acetone and acetylene as its basic materials. These are inexpensive as they are freely available. The plant for the manufacture of the synthetic product is nearing completion in the U.S.

RECLAIMING WATER

Mr. John Clark, U.S. engineering professor, says that Americans may soon use reclaimed sewer water for domestic purposes, because scientifically speaking, "water is neither created nor destroyed, nor is it changed in form; it merely becomes dirty and all we have to do is to wash it".

Mr. Clark believes that as long as water is properly treated between each use, there is no harm in utilizing it, but our psychological attitudes prevent us from using reclaimed sewage water for our personal use. In case of industry, there is no such barrier. Said Mr. Clark, "After all, the water that you drank today may have once been in Cleopatra's swimming pool".

But whatever be the opinion of Mr. Clark, the idea of using reclaimed sewage water is most abhorrent.

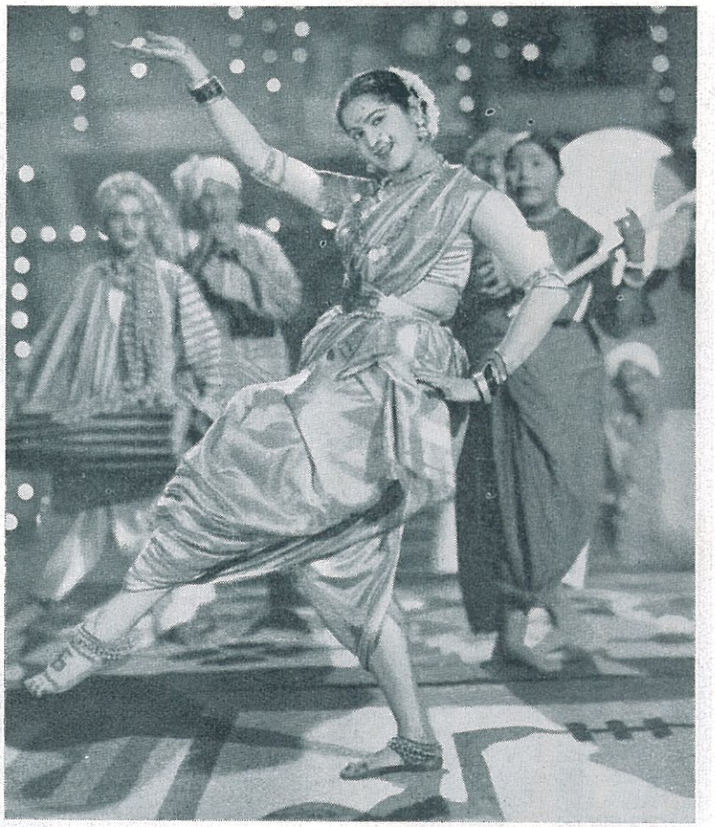
SUBSTITUTE FOR CEMENT

A new building material, 'pozzolon', is being used for the first time as a replacement for cement in the construction of the Bhakra-Nangal project.

Pozzolon is made out of shale and is available near the site of the dam. The shale is heated to a high temperature, powdered finely and mixed with cement.

By using pozzolon, there is likely to be a saving of 1½ lakh tons of cement—about 20% of the cement required for the Bhakra-Nangal project. This cement can be used elsewhere for building purposes.

This saving, however, has little or no significance, considering the fact that 10 crores have been already swallowed by some Congress contractors, even before the completion of the project.



The Maharashtrian folk dance always raises the blood pressure of the South Indian directors and producers. They get wrapped up in the folds of the Maharashtrian sari and suffocated with the vigour of the folk movements. No wonder Kamla Laxman is asked to give a head-spinning piece in "Chandan", directed by M. V. Raman.

FLYING SAUCERS

Professor J. C. Cooke of Malaya University has a firm belief in the existence of flying saucers and says that they are controlled "by intelligent beings from outside the earth. They will annihilate us the moment we show them hostility". Professor Cooke accused scientists of suppressing the truth about flying saucers in collusion with Governments because they were "frightened of the consequences of their existence".

Said Professor Cooke, "In 1953 the Canadian Government investigated reports that a spherical shaped flying saucer landed in the country. It was 25 feet in diameter and had a conning tower above and small landings below. It was manned by two or three people. This is something the Ottawa Government cannot deny".

Anyway in the last few months many scientists have been poohpoohing the existence of flying saucers. Professor Cooke's theory should start the controversy all over again.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

In some women womanhood begins and ends with the grace of figure. In others it begins with the grace of speech. But the rare ones reveal grace in speech, figure and thought and then they become the poems of romance. Let us see what role the ever-graceful Kamla Laxman plays in "Chandan", a tale of love directed by M. V. Raman for Dossi Films.

BAN ON CINEMA-BUILDING

Calcutta, May 15.

The Government of West Bengal extended for a further one year, the ban on construction of new cinemas in Calcutta. The ban which has been in force for quite a number of years expired on March 31, 1957.

Members of the Bengal Motion Picture Association have been making representations to the Government time and again to lift the ban as there are plans to raise half-a-dozen new cinemas in different parts of the city. But the Government is adamant.

With thousands of homeless refugees pouring into the city and vainly looking out for shelter, the building of luxury cinema houses does seem out of place.

LEGAL LICENCE

Geneva, May 22.

Hollywood actress Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan, son of the Aga Khan, got their divorce at last in a Swiss court at Geneva on May 22, 1957. The couple had already secured a Nevada divorce but the European courts did not recognize the Nevada divorce because it failed to meet their six-week residence requirement.

Rita and Aly were married at Vallauris on the French Riviera on May 27, 1949.

By this new ruling, Rita got custody of their eight-year-old daughter, Princess Yasmin, but Aly Khan has to provide for the child's support and education. Rita has to consult Aly on all important decisions relating to the child's education and health and allow him extensive visiting privileges.

Little Yasmin's future seems to be secure whether Mama Rita gets a new mate in future or not. It must be remembered that even before this legal divorce, Rita not only married Dick Haymes but also managed to divorce him in good time.

Anyway, Rita gets a legal licence now to marry for the fifth time.

A PIONEER DIES

Bombay, June 2.

Well-known film exhibitor of Bombay, Abdoolally Esoofally, died of heart failure at his residence on Saturday, June 1, at the age of 74.

One of the pioneers of the Indian film industry, Mr. Abdoolally started the Majestic Cinema in Bombay in partnership with Mr. Ardeshir M. Irani in 1914. Their partnership continued till the day of Abdoolally's death.

Mr. Abdoolally was a popular figure in film circles and will be missed by his friends. May his soul rest in peace!

MOTHERLY DONNA

Hollywood, May 17.

Charming actress Donna Reed became mother of a second daughter, christened Mary Anne, in Santa Monica, California.

Married to 50-year-old movie producer Tony Owen, who sometime ago made "Beyond Mombasa", Donna looks after both her home and career. In addition to her two daughters, she has two more adopted children.

Donna seems to be having pronounced maternal instincts. Donna, 36, had won the Oscar for her supporting role in "From Here To Eternity" in 1953.

AN OPPORTUNITY

Bombay, May 21.

With an idea to encourage the production of high quality films and to help producers in financing such productions the Government of Bombay has modified the procedure with regard to the selection of films for exemption from the payment of entertainment duty.

So far the exemption from entertainment duty was granted to films which won the President's Gold Medal or which fulfilled some educational or social purposes like the eradication of untouchability or the inculcation of temperance.

Under the new procedure, the selection of a film for such exemption in each quarter commencing from April 1, 1957, will be governed by the following conditions:— A film which has been passed by the Central Board of Film Censors during the preceding quarter irrespective of the fact whether it has been exhibited before or after the date of commencement of the quarter will be eligible for consideration of the exemption.

The exemption will be subject to the condition that the portion of the proceeds of the exhibition of the film which represents entertainment duty will be handed over to such person as Government may designate as the producer of the film.

Producers have always been crying hoarse over the high entertainment tax. Here is an opportunity for them to improve the quality of their films and automatically gain exemption from entertainment duty.

ART-LOVERS?

Paris, May 24.

Prince Aly Khan managed to

If you want to see an egg with two eyes, a nose and a smile, meet Mala Sinha, the popular starlet of the Indian screen. But her poultry look is raising new sighs in millions of hearts and knowing this Producer Fali Mistry gave her a sparkling role in "Chandan", a thrilling entertainer directed by M. V. Raman.

get rid of his fine collection of paintings by an auction and earned just 235,000 dollars.

Producer Michael Todd and his actress wife Elizabeth Taylor, who attended the auction, purchased a self-portrait of Degas for 21,000 dollars, apart from spending a total amount of 71,000 dollars.

Elizabeth is rolling in money since she married the wealthy Todd, and she can now indulge in costly hobbies.

PRICE OF SILENCE

Washington, June 1.

Playwright Arthur Miller and husband of film actress Marilyn Monroe, was found guilty on two counts of contempt of Congress, because he refused to identify, at a Congressional committee investigation, alleged Communists with whom he had attended meetings ten years ago.

The verdict was given in a written memorandum by Judge Mr. Charles F. McLaughlin who has been hearing the case without a jury. Miller, however, was not sentenced, because he is likely to appeal against the verdict.

If Miller appeals, the case will be heard first in the Circuit Court of Appeals and ultimately be taken to the Supreme Court.

Miller is paying a heavy price for his silence!

PIOUS HOPES

New Delhi, May 27.

At a meeting of the A.I.R. Music Audition Board held in New Delhi, on Saturday, May 24, it was decided to enforce a stricter system of "screening" artistes for A.I.R.

Artistes would also be charged an audition fee in future. After all the fuss about "screening" of artistes, the programmes that we hear on the A.I.R. are nothing much to shout about. The Board has evidently pitched its intentions high but is not in a hurry to execute them.

CANNES AWARDS

Cannes, May 17.

The Cannes International Film Festival jury awarded the golden palm leaf for the best full-length feature film to the American picture "Friendly Persuasion" starring Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire and directed by William Wyler. The authorship of this screenplay was in dispute because scriptwriter Michael Wilson, who claimed to have written it, had his name erased from the credits. He had been "blacklisted" by the American film industry after he was summoned before the Un-American Activities Committee of the U.S. Congress.

"The Seventh Seal" directed by Swedish Ingmar Bergman won the second special prize.

Bimal Roy's documentary, "Gotama The Buddha" produced for the Government of India, won "special mention" for "its moral and plastic beauty."

YASHODHARA'S NEW ROLE

Bombay, May 31.

Film actress Yashodhara Kathju presented a baby girl to Hubby Dilipkumar Bhandari on May 23, at a Bombay maternity home.

Now that Yashodhara has become a mother, let us hope she portrays this exciting role even better than most of her screen roles.

KAY-STRUCK REX

New York, May 31.

Screen and stage actor Rex Harrison, who recently divorced his actress-wife Lili Palmer, announced plans of marrying British actress Kay Kendall soon.

Key Kendall completed a big role in "The Girls" at M.G.M. and arrived in New York to accompany Rex to the dinner where he was awarded the Antoinette Perry Award for his performance in "My Fair Lady".

Rex seems to like the British brand of femininity in spite of being in America so long! Kay is, of course, charming enough to compel Rex's admiration.

PAK BLACKMAIL

Karachi, May 31.

The Chief Controller of Imports and Exports, Karachi, has invited applications for the import of Urdu, Hindi and Bengali films from India into East Pakistan.

The price of a Bengali film has been fixed at Rs. 30,000 and that of an Urdu and a Hindi film at Rs. 50,000. The Controller states that preference will be given to permanent residents who have made investments for the development of the film industry in Pakistan.

The Pakistanis of both East and West Pakistan are literally starving for Indian pictures for quite a few years now but the obstinate authorities refuse to lift the ban. By allowing restricted imports at cheap prices, the Government of Pakistan, it seems, wants to profiteer at the expense of the Indian film producers.

SEARCH FOR 'PAPA'

Hollywood, May 27.

Stage, screen and television actor, John Ireland, 42, divorced his brunette actress-wife Joanne Dru, 35, in Hollywood.

Joanne, who was married to John Ireland for 7½ years, has no children by him but she has three by her former husband, crooner Dick Haymes. Some of Joanne's recent pictures are "Red River" and "Day Of Triumph".

Joanne is now reported to be looking out for a new 'Papa' for her three little ones.

A GRACEFUL EXIT

London, May 28.

Veteran British stage actress, Julia Neilson, died in London at the ripe old age of 88. She played her last role in 1944.

Julia, who dominated the British stage for many years, was called by her admirers the "Queen of the English Theatre".

The 'Queen' quit the arena with her usual grace and dignity.

MORE PROPAGANDA

New Delhi, May 23.

An official report of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting points out that the All India Radio has 27 stations with 48 transmitters, 30 studio centres and 27 receiving centres. During 1956-57, 12,000 community receivers were supplied to various States to promote community listening. Another 12,000 community receiver sets are likely to be installed during the year 1957-58. If the second Five-Year Plan is implemented faithfully, then about 90,000 villages will be in possession of community sets by 1961.

As regards the activities of the Films Division, it is planning to undertake—apart from its usual documentaries—long term film production, say for four to five years, in respect of

important development projects under the second Five-Year Plan.

As the failure of the second Five-Year Plan is a foregone conclusion, the Government seems to be anxious to do propaganda through the film medium to convince the illiterate and gullible masses about the Plan's "success".

NO MORE A "MENACE"

Paris, May 29.

Vienna-born actor-writer-director, Erich von Stroheim, died of cancer at his villa in Maurepas, near Paris, at the age of 71.

Erich von Stroheim, whose full name was Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Stroheim, served as an officer for seven years in the Austrian cavalry before he drifted into films in 1909 via Hollywood.

Erich looked quite a menace on the screen with his Prussian gait, cropped head and monocle and became famous when he portrayed a cruel German officer in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts Of The World". After that every actor who played the German officer in motion pictures tried to imitate Erich.

VACILLATING ELSE

Mexico, June 3.

Else Jeanne Zamboni, 64, divorced her husband Erich Maria Remarque, 58, for a second time in Cuidad Juarez, Mexico. They were first married in 1923, divorced in 1930 and married again in 1938.

German-born Erich Maria Remarque is the author of "All Quiet On The Western Front" and "Arch Of Triumph".

Having married and divorced the same man twice, Else might again re-marry if she again discovers that she cannot do without Erich. One never knows a woman's mind!

FATHER AT 68

Lausanne, June 1.

Oona O'Neill, 32, fourth wife of 68-year-old director-producer Charlie Chaplin, delivered her fourth daughter in Lausanne, Switzerland. It was the couple's fourth daughter and their sixth child.

The little Oona-Chaplin edition was christened Jane. By becoming a father at 68, Charlie has proved incidentally the truth of the ancient Hindu theory that a young wife rejuvenates an old husband.

SELF-REGULATION

Madras, May 20.

The virus of 'self-regulation' has now infected South Indian film producers producing Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Hindi films.

Meeting under the auspices of the South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce in Madras on May 19, these producers, and other members of the film industry, decided to adopt a scheme of self-regulation.

A sub-committee, consisting of representatives of the South Indian Film Chamber, South Indian Motion Picture Studio Association and the South Indian Artistes' Association, was formed to formulate a suitable plan of self-regulation.

Bombay film producers are already in labour pains over this self-regulation business.

Anyway, let us hope for the best as the producers need plenty of discipline and self-regulation if they are ever to survive.

SHORT-LIVED MELODY

Santa Monica, May 31.

Mrs. Jane Fischer Fain, 25, divorced Hubby Sammy Fain, 54, after a short married life of 2½ years.

Sammy Fain won the Oscar for his popular song "Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing" heard in the picture of the same name starring Jennifer Jones and William Holden.

When a woman sits like that she shifts the centre of focus and lends her face a secondary position. Well, that is one way of attracting attention and straining male eyes. Madhubala brings to the screen a gay personality in "Police", a thrilling entertainer, which will make policemen whistle.

DISPUTE-SETTLING BOARD

Calcutta, May 31.

In future, disputes between an artiste or a technician employed for film work on one side and the producer on the other, will be ironed out by a specially formed Reconciliation Board composed of six members—two each from the three groups—the Artistes' Association of Bengal, Bengal Motion Picture Association and Cine Technicians' Association of Bengal.

These three bodies have unanimously agreed to find out a workable contract of set terms and conditions which will be binding on all artistes, technicians, producers, etc., of the Bengali film industry.

As disputes are a common feature of the film industry, this is a good way of solving them instead of rushing to litigation.

ELVIS' RIVAL

New York, May 22.

A new singing star brightening the horizon these days is 19-year-old Thomas Adrian Sands, who before the year 1957 is out, is likely to earn more than $ 100,000.

His two songs, "Teen-Age Crush" and "Hep Dee Hootie" (Cutie wootie, you're all rootie

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A young woman who calls a man so anxiously has lost the first round of romance. It is a woman's privilege to be chased and not to become the hunter. But some women lose their men because they stick to their cradle too long. What is worrying Madhubala can be found out only by seeing "Sharabi", a powerful social theme.

with me) have turned out to be best-sellers with the first one reaching the figure of 1,160,000 records.

Tommy's technique of rock 'n roll is said to be more refined than that of Elvis Presley. Most adolescent lads and girls are all crazy about Tommy and write to him 2000 fan letters a day.

Tommy has currently got a $ 30,000 engagement at New York's Roxy and is scheduled to star in 20th Century Fox's "The Singin' Idol" with whom he has a seven-year contract.

Tommy, at the moment, is simple and unsophisticated and lives in a four-room apartment in Hollywood with his mother. Said Tommy about his stardom, "I still don't consider myself a real honest success. I'm not polished yet, but life is a wonderful trainer."

HOPEFUL AT 45

Hollywood, May 22.

Red-haired film and TV actress, Ginger Rogers, 45, will soon divorce her Parisian husband Jacques Bergerac, 29, a lawyer, who has now turned an actor in Hollywood.

Ginger's former husbands include Ed Culpepper and actors Lew Ayres and Jack Briggs. The young Jacques must have found some young Hollywood interest! And charming Ginger need not lose hope even at 45. There may be some one else round the corner.

CHECKS ON PLAGIARISM

New Delhi, May 28.

The Lok Sabha passed the Copyright Bill on May 27, 1957. The Bill was passed earlier by the Rajya Sabha on May 15, 1957.

The copyright will apply throughout India to the following classes of works: original literary, dramatic musical and artistic works; cinematograph film and mechanical contrivances.

The copyright in a cinematograph film or a mechanical contrivance shall not affect the separate copyright in any work in respect of which or a substantial part of which, the film, or as the case may be, the contrivance is made.

The Copyright Office will be established under the immediate control of a Registrar of Copyrights who shall act under the directions of the Central Government.

As our screenwriters and film producers are usually the quickest to infringe copyrights of foreign stories and films, being skilful plagiarists, the Copyright Bill may prevent more plagiarism.

MADHUBALA CASE

Bombay, June 5.

Presidency Magistrate, Mr. R. S. Parikh, Girgaum Court, framed charges of cheating against film actress Madhubala and her father Attaullah Khan. The alleged cheating was to the extent of Rs. 32,000.

The Magistrate, framing the charges, remarked that on or about April 4, 1956, in furtherance of the common intention, "both jointly and severally" and "falsely and dishonestly", represented to Messrs. B. R. Films through the complainant C.V.K. Shastry and his partner B. R. Chopra that the accused Madhubala would work in "Naya Daur" for Rs. 25,000. He further said that she had consented to go out of Bombay for outdoor shooting and give them sufficient number of days for this purpose, and by "such false representation deceived the firm" and "intentionally induced" the firm to engage the services of the accused Madhubala in "Naya Daur".

The Magistrate stated: "You thereby committed cheating. an offence punishable under Section 417 read with 34 of the I.P.C. and within my cognizance."

In the alternative, the Magistrate remarked, each one of the accused abetted the commission of the offences of cheating the firm by the other accused which offence was committed in consequence of their abetment and "thereby committed an offence punishable under Section 417 of the I.P.C. read with 109."

Secondly, the Magistrate said, both the accused persons in the course of the same transaction and in furtherance of the common intention between about May 30, 1956 and June 1, 1956, cheated Messrs. B. R. Films by "dishonestly inducing the firm" through complainant Shastry, partner Chopra and financier Kapur to deliver a sum of Rs. 10,000 to the accused.

Magistrate R. S. Parikh observed that this was done by "false and dishonest" representation that they required the sum in cash for making preparations for the outdoor shooting of the picture and thereby committed an offence punishable under Section 420 read with 34 of I.P.C.

Both Madhubala and Attaullah Khan pleaded not guilty to the charges.

SWEDISH PUDDING

Mexico, May 28.

Film actor Tyrone Power has begun to date Swedish actress Mai Zetterling. Mai went all the way to Mexico to meet Tyrone who was busy shooting "The Sun Also Rises".

Mai Zetterling, the Swedish blonde, acted opposite Danny Kaye in "Knock On Wood" and is popular both on the stage and screen.

Evidently Swedish girls are in demand in Hollywood from Bergman to Ekberg and Zetterling.

MORE PROFITS

New York, June 4.

Popular rock 'n roll singer, Elvis Presley, will soon join military service. But his income from records will give him enough and more money according to a deal made by him with R.C.A. Victor.

The agreement for one million dollars, which is spread over a period of twenty years, gives Elvis $1000 a week whether he does any recordings or not.

Elvis is now working with M.G.M. in "Sweet Adeline" and after its completion will star in Paramount's "Sing You Sinners". Elvis has a gold mine in his rock 'n roll music and gestures.

IMPDA PRESIDENT

Bombay, May 24.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Indian Motion Picture Distributors' Association held in Bombay recently, Mr. M. B. Bilimoria was re-elected president of the IMPDA for the ensuing year, 1957-58.

Other office-bearers are: Mr. P. K. Bhandarkar, vice-president and Mr. Jivraj K. Sheth, treasurer.

MACARONI LOVER

Mexico, May 25.

Film actress Ava Gardner is looking bright these days, probably because she has finally decided on a divorce. She presented her marriage certificate to the Mexican Foreign Ministry as the first step towards divorce.

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Some Mexican newspaper reporters wrote that Italian actor, Walter Chiari, would soon become Ava's fourth husband.

Ava is currently working in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises". The Italian technique of love-making must have come as a welcome change to the American Ava.

JACK-AND-JUNE TALE

Hollywood, June 1.

Petite actress June Allyson has filed divorce proceedings against Hubby Dick Powell. She will probably marry actor Jack Lemmon when the divorce becomes final.

Jack Lemmon, a married man, is also preparing to take in his new partner, June, by divorcing the old one. That will be the finale of the Jack-and-June episode.

EQUITY'S TRIUMPH

London, May 22.

As a result of negotiations held between the British Actors' Equity Association and the British Federation of Film Makers, film actors in Britain will now have a ten-hour-day of work. Over this, they will be given overtime rates.

The dispute at one stage had taken a serious turn and threatened to interfere with production work of the major British studios.

CHANGING SURNAME

Hollywood, May 25.

Actor Paul Newman, who has come into news after his fine performance in "Somebody Up There Likes Me", is reported to be interested in film actress Joanne Woodward. In fact many point her out as the next Mrs. Newman.

Joanne was recently selected by 20th Century Fox for the title role of "Three Faces Of Eve" and psychoanalyzed so that she could play this role perfectly.

INCREASED IMPORTS

New Delhi, May 22.

The twelfth annual report of the Cinematograph Importers' Association said that there was a record increase in the import of raw film in India—an all-time record of 3009 lakhs feet valued at Rs. 222 lakhs for the year 1955-56.

The increase is attributed to larger production and additional requirements for prints.

CONTINUED FASCINATION

Tokyo, May 20.

Film actor Marlon Brando is said to be still madly in love with Indian actress Anna Kashfi. While making "Sayonara" in Japan, Marlon kept in close touch with her in Hollywood. But the publicity has been purposely kept down.

Marlon was seen last in "The Teahouse of the August Moon" where he portrayed a simple Japanese boy extremely well.

A PUBLIC PERFORMANCE

Hollywood, May 20.

All is not well with the Dan Daileys and Gwenn, Dan's wife, unfortunately showed her temper in a restaurant when after some hot words, she threw a glass of drink on Dan's face. The poor man was so shocked that he just sat there, saying not a word.

Gwenn was first married to actor Donald O'Connor. She divorced him and then married actor Dan Dailey. Donald O'Connor is now happily married to Gloria Noble.

Gwenn seems to have become tired of Dan too and perhaps wants to change over to a third one.

POOR SHOW

London, May 22.

According to figures of the British Board of Trade in its quarterly report for the September-December 1956 period, the aggregate attendance in British motion picture theatres was 1101 million as against 1182 million in 1955. During 1956 there were 185 theatre closures owing to the decline in attendance. At the end of 1956, there were 4325 cinema houses operating.

The fall in cinema attendance is explained by exhibitors and producers as due to the heavy entertainment tax and the growing popularity of television.

The British film industry had hoped for some solid benefits from the Government but it got only £6,500,000 as against £21,000,000 it had originally wanted from the Government.

NATIONAL THEATRE

New Delhi, June 5.

The blueprint for a well-equipped national theatre in Delhi is almost ready. The report of the architects, headed by Nawab Zain Yar Jung, who were sent abroad to study the theatres and opera houses of Europe, U.S. and England, has been accepted as the basis of the construction of the national theatre.

The architect-in-charge of the national theatre has been appointed in the C.P.W.D. to draw the designs. A sum of Rs. 50,000 has been provided in the budget estimates for 1957-58.

Let us hope the national theatre gets ready soon without much waste of money, though the signs are all to the contrary.

INTELLECTUAL ACTRESS

Hollywood, May 31.

Nowadays quite a few film actresses in Hollywood seem to find writing a lucrative profession. Hungarian-born film actress Eva Gabor, who has already written "Orchids And Salami", is now planning a second book to record her reminiscences about the entire Gabor family—her mother and two sisters, one of them the well-known actress Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Eva completed a big role opposite Glenn Ford in M.G.M's "Don't Go Near The Water". Eva evidently enjoys becoming intellectual for a change!

GENEROUS GESTURE

Madras, June 2.

Well-known South Indian actor, Nageswara Rao, will be celebrating his diamond jubilee of pictures on June 30. His 60th film "Thongullo Thora" in Telugu will be released in the south on that date. His fans and admirers will celebrate the occasion at the Vauhini Studios, Madras.

Nageswara Rao, it is said, has decided on this happy occasion to donate a sum of Rs. 25,000 to the Andhra University, to provide scholarships to poor and deserving students.

At the moment, the busy actor has eight Tamil and Telugu pictures on hand including Raman Productions' "Athisaya Penn".

PLAN FOR WASTING

New Delhi, May 24.

Dr. B. V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, revealed in the Lok Sabha that the plan for the main television project in Bombay was included in the second Five-Year Plan. The actual execution of the project would, however, depend on the availability of foreign exchange.

Dr. Keskar also added that some equipment for a pilot television unit for experimental and educational purposes had been obtained but the unit would take some time to function.

In pursuing this luxury of television further, Dr. Keskar has prepared the nation for wasting some more crores—an all-too-common phenomenon in Congress India.

LOVE THE DOLLAR

London, May 26.

British actor Anthony Steel and husband of film actress Anita Ekberg, quit the Rank Organization to settle down in Hollywood. He wanted to be near his Anita, who makes pictures in Hollywood and also work in American pictures as an actor and make more money.

In an interview, Steel refuted the rumours that he had fallen out with his wife. Said the 39-year-old Steel, "I shall settle in Hollywood. Britain doesn't know what to do with young actors, that's why I'm quitting.... I'm going to Hollywood where the dollars are. My wife works in Hollywood and that is my place."

Anyway Steel is a wise hubby to be near Anita. Their marriage has some chance of success.

TELEVISION DEAL

London, May 25.

A.B.C. Television bought for £50,000|- 25 of Sir Alexander Korda's old full length feature films for commercial television.

The oldest film in this list was "The Private Lives Of Henry VIII" made in 1933, starring Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. Other films include, "Things To Come", "The Scarlet Pimpernel", "The Drum", "Lady Hamilton" and "The Ghost Goes West".

The deal, however, was criticized adversely by the British film trade. Mr. George Singleton, president of Cinematograph Exhibitors Association, said, "The films are 20 years old at least and they have exhausted their value as film entertainment. If they were of any value to the cinema, they would have been shown again."

A British Actors' Equity spokesman felt even more strongly on the subject. He said, "We are against showing all cinema films on television. Equity is to consider the deal later."

But to a new, growing generation, some of Korda's good films are bound to offer some refreshing entertainment.

LION-HEARTED LOSER

London, May 26.

British starlet Jill Ireland, 21, married 23-year-old actor David Mac Callum secretly. The two had met at Pinewood Studios on the sets of "Robbery Under Arms", in which they portray young lovers.

Jill's marriage shocked her one-time boy-friend Richard Lyon, a popular radio star. Said Richard quietly, "I'm still in love with her. She's a wonderful girl and we've had some wonderful times together."

Richard Lyon seems to be a lion-hearted guy.

Beautifully situated on a spot where the waters of the Baltic Sea meet the sweet waters of Lake Malaren, Stockholm is one of the finest cities of Europe. Originally a tiny settlement round an island fortress, the city now extends over 70 square miles and contains a population of over 760,000.

STOCKHOLM

Laboratory Of New Ideas

THE salty waters of the Baltic Sea penetrate the eastern coast of Sweden where the coast faces the Gulf of Finland, and enter deep enough into the land through an inlet dotted with islands to reach and mingle with the sweet waters of Lake Malaren. It is a pleasant phenomenon for it lends both picturesqueness to the area and a fine natural harbour. But Birger Jarl, the man who ruled Sweden 700 years ago from behind his enthroned but incapable son Valdemar, did not think so. Jarl regarded the area only as a possible entrance for invaders and as such constituting a danger to the trading centres of Lake Malaren. Deciding to provide a "lock for the lake", Jarl therefore got a fortress erected on the island which marks the line of demarcation between the waters of the Baltic and those of Lake Malaren, and in doing so, without knowing it, laid the foundation of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden.

Beginning as a humble village that grew up round Jarl's fortress, Stockholm has today developed into what that old warrior never intended—a place more remarkable for its aesthetic charm than for any strategic location. Derived from the ancient Swedish words 'stockar' and 'holm', the former meaning log and the latter island, the name Stockholm described the defensive function of the place which was served by throwing logs secured with chains into the water in order to prevent any invaders from creeping into the land along the waters of the Baltic.

Stockholm of course no longer answers to that description for instead of being strewn with chained logs, the waters are kept clear to welcome as many ships as the Stockholm harbour can accommodate and to allow as many boats, yachts and schooners as possible to make their merry runs along the numerous channels, canals, bays and lakes that exist inside and all round the city. Stockholm is now the most beautiful city in Sweden and one of the finest cities in Europe. The fortress round which the city developed is no more there but on its very foundations now stands the massive and majestic royal palace, built to the design of Nicodemus Tessin the younger and constituting the most outstanding Baroque structure in Sweden.

VENICE OF THE NORTH

The city of Stockholm today covers an area of about 70 square miles and within that area live over 760,000 souls. Statistically the water area of Stockholm is only 2.25 square miles but that figure fails to indicate the big role water plays in the life of the city. With the waters of the Baltic reaching right into the heart of the city and embracing it from all sides, and with the waters of Lake Malaren taking over where the sea water retires, Stockholm does look like a second Venice and no wonder that among many other nicknames, it has earned the nickname of "Venice of the North". That Stockholm possesses a charm of its own and wears a look quite different from other capitals of the world can be realized from

the fact that there are over 40 bridges in Stockholm for land communication across stretches of water and that thousands of boats of all descriptions constantly ply over its calm waterways.

The nucleus of the city is what is called the Old Town or the "City between the Bridges". Lying to the south of the Royal Palace, the Old Town harks back to the middle ages with its narrow, winding lanes and medieval dwelling houses, places and churches. Among the most notable buildings in the Old Town are the House of Nobles, the Supreme Court and government offices. Close by are the House of Parliament and the National Bank of Sweden. These two edifices, however, are the product of the 20th century. Immediately to the west of the Old Town, on the little island of Riddarholmen is the Riddarholm Church, said to have been founded as early as 1270. Today the national Pantheon of Sweden, where Swedish rulers lie buried, the church was once a Franciscan monastery.

Among other numerous remarkable buildings of Stockholm are the Stockholm Concert House, the venue of the world famous annual Nobel Festival when the Nobel Prizes in literature, medicine, chemistry and physics are awarded; the Great Church, Cathedral of Stockholm, lying next to the Royal Palace, the oldest parts which date back to the 13th century; the Royal Opera; the Royal Dramatic Theatre, whose school of acting gave to the world such famous names as Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman; the Drottingholm Palace, a late 17th century structure which is patterned on Versailles; the Haga Palace and the Haga Pavilion; the National Museum which was opened in 1866; the Main Post Office and the Central Railway Station situated in the Lower Norrmalm.

But above all, the best known building of Stockholm is the Town Hall. Designed by Ragnar Ostberg and completed in 1923, the building is a blend of many styles and combines southern influences with northern brick architecture. Containing a huge massive hall called the Blue Hall a chandeliered, high-ceilinged chamber for the sessions of the 100-member City Assembly, and a giant 700-seating banquet hall called Golden Salon which justifies its name with glittering golden mosaics, the Town Hall looks almost like a palace. Its beautiful situation on the very shore of Lake Malaren only adds to its appeal.

DARK DAYS AND BRIGHT NIGHTS

Like the get-up of the city its climate too is unusual. There is nothing so unusual about its temperature, which averages 24°F in winter (January) and 58°F in summer (June), as there is about the varying lengths of its days during summer and winter. During the winter the days in Stockholm are exceptionally short, the shortest usually being 6 hours, and artificial light is needed almost the whole day with dusk descending upon the city in the afternoon and forcing the street lights to burn as early as 4 P.M. During the summer the days become longer and a twilight lingers throughout the night, so much so that in June one can read a newspaper at midnight without using artificial light. This is of course due to the northerly situation of Sweden, a part of which lies completely inside the Arctic circle. The summer months however are the most gay and colourful in Stockholm, as in all Sweden, and that is the period when tourists arrive in the city in biggest crowds.

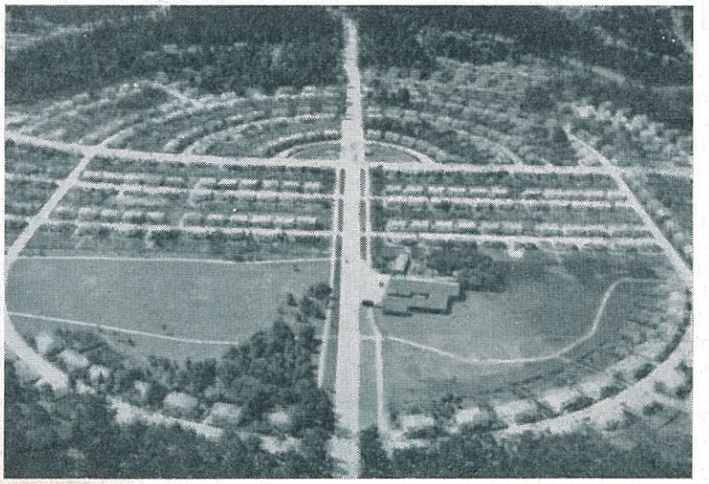
Besides providing visual delight to foreigners, Stockholm can provide some handsome lessons in town planning. Beginning its existence in the 13th century, Stockholm developed slowly and with comparatively uneventful history in spite of the violent and turbulent times. Sweden having joined Denmark and Norway to form a union in 1397, the city was more or less under the Danish domination which is what the Swedes discovered after some time, union with Denmark amounted to. There were therefore resistance and rebellions against Danes and Stockholmers produced their first major event when in 1520 they fought bravely to stop the march into the city of the Danish King Christian II who advanced towards the city from southern Sweden with 10,000 men. The Swedes, were, however, defeated ultimately and on November 4, Christian was crowned the King of Sweden. Three days later the vindictive Christian enacted what is known to history as the Stockholm Bloodbath and got about 100 Swedish patriots beheaded in the public square. He had obviously a wrong name.

The bloody incident had far-reaching repercussions and created such intense indignation among the Swedes that within three years, by 1523, they had shaken off the Danish yoke and emerged as a free nation. And it is an interesting fact of history that since that day Stockholm has never known occupation by foreign power. The man who led Sweden to liberation was Gustav Vasa, regarded as the founder of the modern Swedish nation and called the "George Washington of Sweden".

PLANNED CITY

With Gustav Vasa installed in the throne and his permanent treasury established in the Stockholm Royal Palace, the city grew in importance. But it was only after Gustav Adolphus ascended the Swedish throne in 1611 that Stockholm became the real capital of the country. Stockholm then began to grow quite fast but in disciplined manner, the growth of the town being planned by a governor and not allowed to take its own haphaz-

The Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm is an old and reputed institution. Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, two great and famous actresses, were once pupils at its school of acting.



Planning has played a part in the growth of Stockholm back from the 17th century. And except for the section called Old Town, the rest of the city is pleasantly laid out with an eye on beauty and spaciousness.

ard course. And the art and science of town planning in Sweden actually dates from as far back as the 17th century.

Today Stockholm has expanded enormously and the city now extends for miles north and south of the Old Town. And its population, by North European standards, has increased by leaps and bounds. There is of course a good deal of housing scarcity but the new suburban communities that have been established are carefully and pleasantly planned with broad roads, pleasant parks and gardens, and handsome and comfortable and yet economical residential buildings.

The reason why Stockholm maintains its appearance of a beautiful and well-planned city is that it has an efficient city government as conducted by the City Assembly and that its city fathers are conscientious social workers. The fact that there function under the City Assembly departments like the Street Commission, the Building Commission, the Trade and Shipping Commission, the Library Commission, the Health Commission, the Unemployment Commission, the Child Welfare Commission, the Temperance Commission, and the Commission for Housewives' Vacations, shows that there is practically no aspect of civic life that is neglected by the city fathers. The City Assembly pays due and intelligent attention to the roads and the bridges, the traffic problem and the housing problem, to the problem of alcoholics, juvenile delinquents and unmarried mothers. And Sweden being one of the pioneering countries to turn the work of social welfare into an all-important concern of the government, and it further being a country which has a very high percentage of literacy and an excellent record of peacefulness, the Swedes tackle their problems cool-headedly and pragmatically rather than emotionally and stupidly.

To take one example, there is the way the Swedes tackle the problem of unmarried mothers, a way that has provoked some people to decry Sweden as a sinful nation with low standards of morality. Unmarried motherhood is a universal and not so uncommon phenomenon because there are young people in every country who rush to do before marriage what they are expected to do after marriage. But the Swedes instead of looking at the extra-marital births with the conventional stern social frown and allowing the illegitimate infants to reach the dustbins or the riverbeds, as happens in other countries, extend all help and sympathy and advice to the erratic mother and her innocent child. They try to have the mistake rectified by subsequent marriage and legitimization of the child, and failing that, help the unwed mother in bringing up the child. It is estimated, specially by Sweden's critics, that about 10 per cent of the babies born in Sweden are illegitimate. But that is because the Swedes count their bastards as nature's gifts. In other countries they get lost amidst the legitimate population.

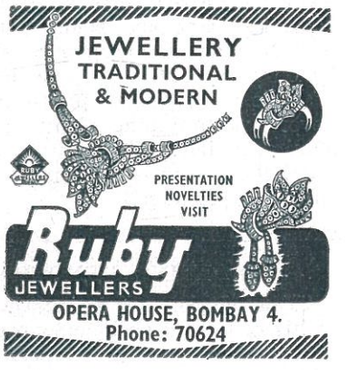
UNCONVENTIONAL CITY

Swedes have some similar unconventional but thought-deserving solutions for many problems including abortion, alcoholism and juvenile delinquency. And yet in Sweden there occur only half as many divorces as in America while crime is not really a big problem. Of prostitution there is very little in Sweden, while such dubious institutions as gambling casinos and night clubs just do not exist. Liquor is discouraged by some wise restrictions, while education on sex is given in schools. On the positive side, every citizen in Sweden is looked after as well or nearly as well as one should in a truly welfare state. In the sphere of family welfare, regular medical check-ups are available free of charge to every expectant mother. Nine out of every ten babies are delivered at public hospitals or clinics which charge only one krona (roughly equivalent to a rupee) per day for every service including all medical assistance. No wonder the Swedish infant death rate is claimed to be the lowest in the world. Besides this, the overwhelming majority of the population is covered by a system of health insurance while 97 per cent of all hospital beds are in efficiently run public institutions. There is also old age pension, a system of foster homes, and a scheme for housing loans.

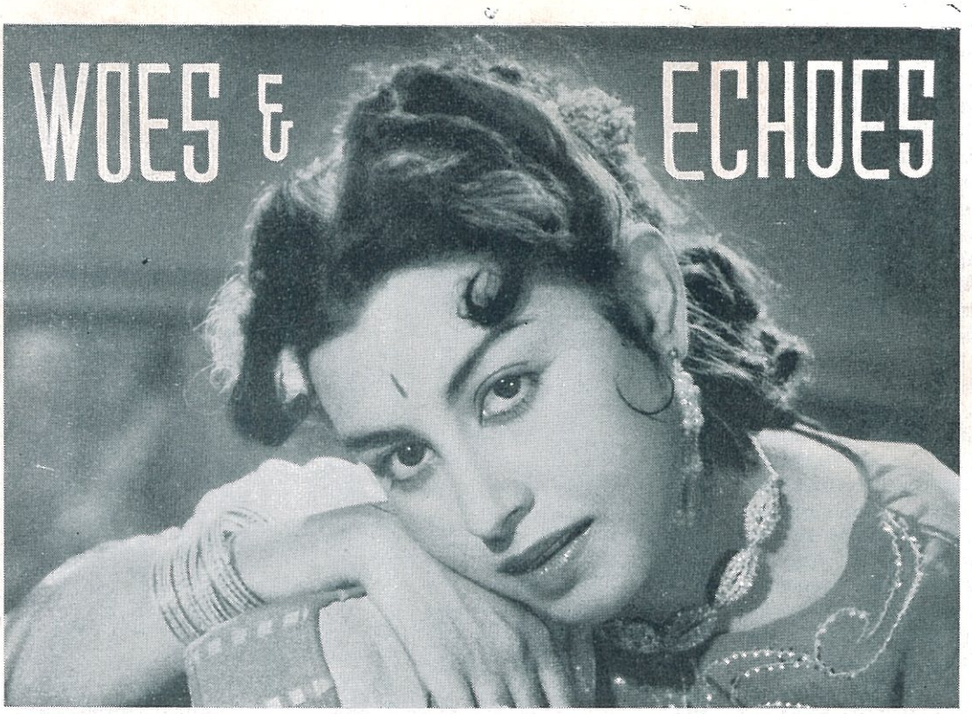
That is the principal shopping thoroughfare in the Old Town section of Stockholm. The shopping centre doesn't look so interesting but the shopper does. But then Swedish women are generally both beautiful and beautifully dressed. One popular example of Swedish womanhood these days is Anita Ekberg, the well-upholstered Hollywood actress.

Like the other Scandinavian countries, the Swedish system of government is a blend of monarchy and parliamentary democracy. Above all, Sweden is a country which has not been involved in a war for the last one and a half centuries. The last time its armed forces engaged in a battle was in 1814 during its tussle with Norway. Having escaped both the world wars unscathed, and without involvement, Sweden has had more time to devote its attention to constructive things than other countries. It therefore deserves to be closely observed if not emulated. And it believes in peace and neutrality which makes it a country of particular interest for Indians.

And in beautiful Stockholm there is enough to see and observe and from which to form a fairly accurate opinion about the Swedes and their country. A trip to this city of peace can be both delightful and educative.



WOES & ECHOES



All planning has to be done in this position because a woman's designs always need a little tilt to make them absolutely straight. Jabeen is a great one for planning. She has planned a straight course for herself with so many tilts on the way that one often feels like calling her a rare acrobat. Anyway, let us see what her new design is in "Jeevan Sathi", the story of good old love in search of a pal.

'THIEVES' FALL OUT

"On the 20th May, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the former Health Minister of the Union Government and a well-known follower of Mahatma Gandhi, asked the Government to scrap prohibition. As in other countries which had tried the experiment, she said prohibition had been a "dismal failure" in India too, and would continue to be so. Continuing her speech she said a very small percentage of Indians were addicts and the money that should go to the Government was being taken away by bootleggers who, she believed, were the biggest protagonists of prohibition. In addition, she said the administration was being corrupted.

"For the first time Rajkumari Amrit Kaur has talked some sense and we welcome her sane and sound remarks. But how is that so long when she was the Union Health Minister, she did not speak a single word against prohibition and she never said anything about the corrupted administration? Could you tell me Mr. Patel the reason of this unusual overnight change of opinion?"

CALCUTTA. **J. L. Kholbheteria.**

PANTING DEMOCRACY

"Your clarion call to Rajaji to come out of his cloistered shell and provide enlightened leadership to the Opposition in India will be unreservedly hailed by all who owe fealty to democracy. It is too well-known to bear repetition that Rajaji is looked upon as a mighty bulwark against the onrush of Communism and logically therefore as an ardent votary of democracy. That is all the more reason for his stepping out to nourish a formidable Opposition.

"With the exit of J.P., who is at the moment working out his salvation via Bhoodan in the snug recluse of ivory-tower, and loss of other stalwarts to the Opposition for varied reasons, the Opposition is lugubriously depleted in its ranks and consequently languishing. Frankness requires it to be stated that the Opposition is in dishabille today. So the coming of Rajaji on the scene must introduce qualitative changes in the Opposition. Your cogitation in this wise bears a refreshing originality. We know that Rajaji has advanced in years. But the primacy of national interest makes an exacting demand that Rajaji should cease hibernating for a while. One-party rule devoid of any saving grace seems to be the bane of the nation and constitutes the greatest casualty of democracy in India.

"Let Rajaji by acting up to your considered counsel give a new lease of life to our democracy which is alas! panting for its very breath. The alternative is too horrid to contemplate—democracy will die of asphyxia unsung, unwept and unhonoured."

ARRAH. **Prem Chandra Sinha.**

Letters submitted for this section should not have more than 25 lines. Rs.5/- will be paid for every letter published in this section.

AN ANXIOUS HOPE

"Your call to Rajaji to form a strong Opposition Party is at once wise and appealing. It has come in time. Rajaji is an elderly statesman with experience and high ideals. He can easily prove a beacon-light to shifty political persons. He can equally well lead us in the right direction.

"If your May '57 editorial 'Rajaji's Last Service' is given favourable ear and eye, then I am sure fruitful results will come out in no time. Really thousands of people are looking to Rajaji for guidance and help."

MAINPURI. **Vir B. S. Chauhan.**

SIGNS OF PROGRESS

"On behalf of all Keralites including myself, let me express my sincere thanks to you for the sympathy you have towards us people in the southernmost portion of India. Having read the editorial of your May issue I had this much satisfaction that at least one man in the north could understand the meaning of Communist victory in Kerala in the recent election.

"Though very brief as the editorial is, it contains the exposition of a truth which the Congressmen and their supporters could not understand hitherto. And that truth is: "Kerala marks the beginning of the end of the Congress in India." Unless the Congress party takes quick steps to weed out the crooks and cracks in its fold, the cancer is sure to swallow the whole of India within a decade.

"I am neither a Communist, nor a Congressman, nor a Socialist either, but a non-partisan looking at the problem with a cool and impartial mind. Many people in the north might be wondering at the Communist victory in Kerala. The Congress President, Mr. Dhebar, once said that the people (of Kerala) are getting away from us. How little does he understand the torture we suffered! The history of this beautiful and best dollar earning portion of India, ever since the achievement of independence, is a long story of tyranny by the party in power at different times.

"I don't think that the Communist party is the best in India. Out of a group of thieves, the people of Kerala selected the one they thought was better than others. That is all. Already there are a few signs of progress since the party came into power. To-day the policeman thinks twice before he beats a school-boy.

"If an application or a petition is put up, you receive at least a reply within a fortnight. The Chief Minister's car is not followed by police vans. If the Commu-

nist party succeeds in its attempt to solve the unemployment problem also—at least by 10%, that will be the "Red Light" for the Congress party in India. An educated and wise people cannot be cheated again and again."

TRIVANDRUM. **R. Krishnan Kutty.**

HIGH-HANDED CONGRESS

"I congratulate you for "Rajaji's Last Service". Your views are to be endorsed by every right-thinking man for the way in which the Congress is pulling on the so-called democracy is not a democratic way at all. It is more of a dictatorship, to be more exact.

"By fair or foul means, the Congress manages to take the 'white cap' to the House by befooling the illiterate whom they want to be illiterate for another few elections. I should say, that the party in power should not stoop so low as to tell the villagers nothing about elections but simply asking them to vote for 'their pair of bullocks' and for Mr. Nehru's personality. The Government, on the contrary, should educate the masses and for a democracy in the true sense, the Government should long for the opposition and if somewhere opposition has made a headway, it should not be the policy of the Government to nip it in the bud but the opposition should be given opportunity enough to prove its worth for which it has been returned."

NEW DELHI. **Sushil Kumar Dhawan.**

LETHARGIC 'FOSSILS'

"Your obvious earnestness and sincere desire to see that democracy (much overworked word!) is given a fair trial in this land are reflected in your excellent editorial this month on the need for an effective Opposition. May I say you are not however the first in making this suggestion to Rajaji? I read in the Madras Press that sometime before the elections the Congress Reformist Group approached C.R. in this connection but without success.

"True, if there is any leader today morally strong, intellectually brilliant and politically shrewd enough to stand four square against the spell of Nehru (whose gigantic personality alone serves as a cloak for the Congress to hide its hundred and one drawbacks and defects) he is the man who had the courage of his conviction to oppose even the mighty Mahatma in 1942 and lived to see his position amply vindicated five or six years later.

"A 'shadow' cabinet of the Opposition with C.R., C.P., Dr. John Matthai, Sir Mirza Ismail and like men of proved talent in administration would be a serious challenge to the mediocrity which is Congress today. If they were to be given the reins of office they would certainly not be yes-men to Nehru but you would see the difference in the efficiency of administration and implementation of the Plan month by month. Alas, such people do not bestir themselves on the pretext of old age! They are at least not older than the 'fossils' now occupying seats of power continuously for ten years without a break."

NEW DELHI. **A. Chandra Mauli.**

A woman with curves and crescents brings a new moonlight to a lonely beach. The location called for a swim-suit but then Vyjayantimala must have objected in "Chand Chakori", a tale of moonlight love produced by P. N. Arora.

HOPING IN VAIN

"Judas' wise and thought-provoking comments on the Income Tax Act which is virtually an instrument of torture and extortion expressed under the caption "Tax Payers On The Scaffold" appearing in the May '57 issue of filmindia, very ably represent the views of the majority who have been tortured and extorted by the Income-Tax authorities under the above lawless Act. What great matter of shame can there be than that an unjust, unfair, and unequitable law such as the Income-Tax Act which was framed by the foreign British Government and was purely intended for extorting more and more money from the down-trodden Indians, is still in operation in a free and democratic India? I wonder why the eyes of our Prime Minister Barrister Nehru, who has been much busy in the past in shuffling and reshuffling the laws pertaining to the Hindus and the Constitution, could not catch this vicious Income-Tax Act.

"Let us hope that our intelligent Finance Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, who appears to be in a great hurry to increase the burden of tax-payers through the levy of new taxes, pays serious attention to the sagacious comments of Judas and brings about suitable amendments in regard to the objectionable Sections of the Act so as to fit in well with the dignity of the citizens of the Sovereign, Democratic Republic of India."

BARWANI. **K. B. Lall.**

REMOVE THE DEFECTS

"'Tax Payers On The Scaffold' by 'Judas' in the May issue was a spirited piece of writing, scholarly, imaginative and highly constructive. Judas has already repeatedly dealt with the topic and has here not departed from his original position. Months ago he had pleaded for the separation of the executive and judiciary powers in this vital business of tax collection and vehemently opposed the concentration of authority in the hands of an official like the I.T.O.

"It is, of course, true that the collection of income tax is a very difficult job what with wide evasion and non-payment, the manifold hurdles and complications of the processes, but there are certain inherent defects and injustices in our Income Tax Law which can be advantageously removed not only in the interests of fair play, but for the greater benefit of the Department and the State in the long run. The depending on the judgement of a solitary man like the Income-Tax Officer, the amount of coercion involved, the scope it affords for harassment of the assessee,

It is not right to wrap the curves so much during summer. A little more air-conditioning can save a lot of perspiration and also soothe the burning eyes of the spectator. Vyjayantimala brings new dignity to the screen in "Aasha", a social entertainer produced and directed by M. V. Raman.

the damper it will put on all enterprise and initiative and the crippling of business and industry it may actually help in accomplishing, are some of its glaring disadvantages and dangers. Nor is there any guarantee that the framing and operation of the law on the present lines will swell the taxation coffers?"

BOMBAY **B. Subba Rao.**

SHOWING VENDETTA

"An I.T.O. went to a shoe-mender's shop to get his shoe mended. He left his cycle before the adjoining shop of another shoemender. The owner of the shop who felt keeping the cycle there was an obstruction, objected to it and requested him to remove his cycle. It was too much for the darling of our Government. He shouted to him, "Do you know that I am an Income Tax Officer?"

"The truth of his statement became known to the poor shoemaker when he received a notice within a few days of the incident to produce his accounts before the I.T.O. After five days, he received a notice in which he was asked to deposit Rs. 40|- as income tax. There are two considerations, firstly he is a poor shoemaker and in no case liable to be taxed on income, secondly a period of at least one month must elapse after the first notice has been sent. But Sahib Bahadur did not bother to follow such trivial formalities and had his vendetta."

MEERUT. **P. C. Shah.**

ARROGANCE OF POWER

"When ministers behave like children without offending anyone's sentiments that can be excused but when they get to introduce childish pranks too into their public behaviour, I feel no words of condemnation are too severe to reprimand their action.

"It has been reported in the columns of the press that when a correspondent asked for comments about Rajaji's criticism of Mr. Krishnamachari's budget, he is reported to have replied that Rajaji was not his friend and therefore he was not prepared to comment upon what Rajaji said about his budget. I question the propriety of such a remark from the mouth of the Union Finance Minister who ought to know better. Now what relevancy has his friendship or otherwise with a particular individual got in his press conference? Will our Finance Minister comment upon the remarks only of those whom he considers to be his friends? He could have very well saved his grace with a crisp 'No Comments'! The Finance Minister should apologize for his unbecoming remark at the press conference."

BOMBAY. **C. R. Natarajan.**

A FUTILE DREAM

"I would like to bring to your notice, and to the readers' notice too, a matter which has escaped the attention of most people. In recent years Pandit Nehru has visited Ceylon twice and he is due to visit us again in two days' time. In his itinerary one observes with regret that a visit to the hill-country estates, where the labourers are mostly Indian, has not been included. This is very much regrettable since Pandit Nehru could have obtained a first-hand knowledge of the conditions under which these Indian labourers live and work in the estates here—a knowledge which may prove of some value in solving the most-vexed Indian problem here, which has been, in recent years, the cause of straining the friendly relations between India and Ceylon.

"One cannot understand Mr. Nehru's attitude in this matter; he leaves such jobs to his High Commissioner here instead of making use of his opportunities to investigate things for himself during his visits to Ceylon. The Indian labourers here may rightly attribute this to the so-called "antagonism" of the northerners to the southerners, which will be indeed a pitiable thing. We hope that in the future at least, Mr. Nehru will alter his attitude."

NAWALAPITIYA. **S. Suntharalingam.**

THIEVES ALL

"After the polling of votes for the election of the Chief Minister of Bihar, the ballot-box, for the counting of votes, was brought from Patna to Delhi under the watch of a Police Guard. Not an honest soul could be found among the horde of Congressmen of Bihar in whom the candidates concerned could rest their confidence. That shows, apart from the waste of money, the standard of morals prevalent among our Congressmen."

AMBALA. **M. Krishan.**

ANSWER THAT, PANTJI!

"Recently it was reported in the press that the Prime Minister gave a slip to the security men at his residence and went to attend a children's function in the capital, unattended and unannounced. If it was not merely a publicity stunt to broadcast Pandit Nehru's impulsive personality, it was an act which clearly demonstrated the frightful incompetence and unpardonable carelessness of the policemen who were entrusted to guard the life of the most important man in India.

"It is common knowledge that two hundred selected men under a Superintendent of Police are deputed for the security of the Prime Minister's person. And when the only object of their concentrated attention can escape without being noticed, how can one expect them to protect him in case some political criminals try to harm him in an organized manner? What has the Home Minister to say in this matter?"

NEW DELHI. **Mrs. Kanti Sinha.**

OUR IMPARTIAL JUDGES

"Mr. Justice P. B. Mukharji's words, 'To induce the Government of the day by contributing money to political funds of political parties was to adopt the most sinister principle fraught with grave dangers to commercial as well as to public standards of administration' reproduced in your article "Fools Rush In Where Angels Fear To Tread" in the April issue reminded me of the Sessions Judge of

Greater Bombay, Mr. J. M. Shelat, who in his judgement on January 6, 1955, dismissed the Government notice demanding a security of Rs. 10,000|- from Mr. C. N. Raman, keeper of the New Jack Printing Works Ltd., where "filmindia" was being printed at that time. Thanks to the efficiency and impartiality of the judge.

"It is heartening to know that justice in India is not yet influenced by political parties. There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Judges are the custodians of individual rights and liberties and they keep democracy alive. The day the jury system in India leans on the side of the party in power, Baburao Patel will be the first man who will be compelled to live in exile and not to return to his homeland".

BOMBAY. **T. K. Aidasani.**

YANKEE DANGER

"Writing under the caption "Choose Thy Friends Wisely" 'Judas' dispelled a serious doubt from my mind that while "filmindia" criticized the Russian brand of life vehemently it rarely uttered anything against "America's synthetic civilization." 'Judas' correctly focussed our attention to the staggering increase of immorality, crimes, and the pursuit of lustful life with which the majority of the Americans are flirting to-day and exporting these 'know-how's' to other nations, especially the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa.

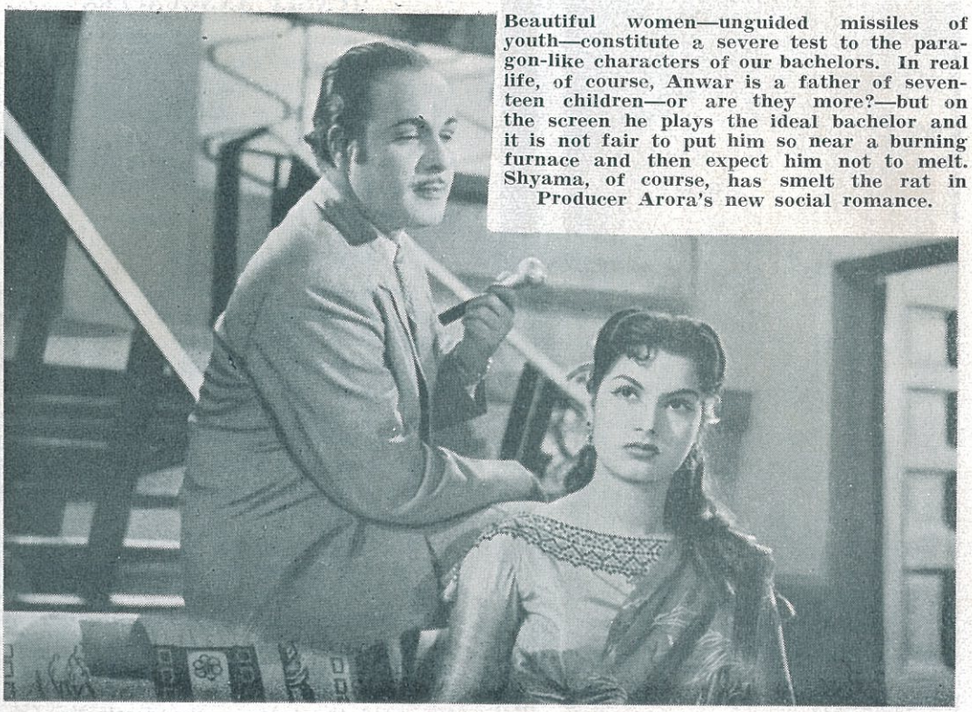
"With quite a few Americans, winking and pinching of 'gals' has become a national sport; adultery is taken by many as an interval in a movie show and a godsent relief to escape from the boredom of monogamous life; viewing of television, crime thrillers, reading of horror comics, and enjoying films like "Baby Doll" and "Tea And Sympathy" have become as essential as going to church. America is gradually becoming a citadel of Satan. Judas' warning to Indians is good enough for other nations too. It also includes Pakistan where the danger has become very much alive."

MEERUT. **P. C. Bansal.**

SELLING A HEADACHE?

"During the last few months, we have seen a rush of advertisement 'shorts', appearing on the screen. It is a legitimate method of sales promotion and generally one would have little grievance against it.

"Yet, when some of these shorts are ill-prepared, badly designed, putting forward their message in a crude manner, they at once become an eyesore. I might cite the case of a short, produced by an aspirin-manufacturing firm, and being currently shown in local cinema-houses. In glaring and unnecessarily loud colours, it shows a plug-ugly guy going through all the labours of a violent headache. The joke, further, is that even after taking the pills, the relief, if any, seems to be almost



Beautiful women—unguided missiles of youth—constitute a severe test to the paragon-like characters of our bachelors. In real life, of course, Anwar is a father of seventeen children—or are they more?—but on the screen he plays the ideal bachelor and it is not fair to put him so near a burning furnace and then expect him not to melt. Shyama, of course, has smelt the rat in Producer Arora's new social romance.

thrust upon the victim as he shows no outward signs of it, and looks, in fact, quite ready to carry on as before! All this is interspersed with atrocious sound effects of quick gasps for breath, frequent banging on a piano key-board, and sounds of miniature bomb explosions serving as background music.....

"Cumulatively, the effect of this 'short' is to produce a similar ache in the head of the cinegoer and to make him rush off to buy headache-pills—but it is dead certain that he would be in no mood to buy the one advertised as above. Thus for all their pains, the producers might as well dump the film in fire. Would they, please.....?"

NEW DELHI. **Indra Mohan Sahai.**

PROFITEERING ANYHOW

"It is rather unfortunate that even theatre employees are taking undue advantage of the new coins introduced.

"On Friday the 10th of May my husband and I, along with two other friends went to the last show at Chitra to see the picture "Adhi Roti". The tickets for balcony were priced at Rs. 1|30 naye paise. So for four tickets when we gave him Rs. 6|- we expected a balance of 80 naye paise. Instead of that he gave us -|12|- in old coin. When my husband brought this discrepancy to the booking clerk's notice he said that his higher authorities had asked him to give the balance in old coins and that rates of admission were to be counted on the basis of Rs. 1|5|- per ticket.

"Really speaking there are 120 seats in the balcony and at this rate the management would be making about Rs. 1.50 np. per show i.e. Rs. 31|50 np. per week over which the distributor has no share and this amount either goes to the theatre in full or to the booking clerk.

"I feel that such sort of malpractices which result out of this new coinage should be brought to light so that the theatres may see that their patrons are not unnecessarily deprived of their rights."

BOMBAY. **Mrs. J. Krishnamurthy.**

RAISED HELL

"Some time back I had been to the Central Cinema to witness the picture 'Pasant Ahe Mulgi'. I had purchased the balcony ticket of Rs. 1-12-0. I was given the first row of that class. As soon as the picture started I saw that the screen appeared to have been divided into two parts. I started investigating the matter and to my surprise, I found that the wooden railing of that class was the cause of breaking the screen into two parts. It was a great torture for a man like me who pays his hard-earned money for getting comfort and entertainment.

"What would you have done if you were in my place?"

BOMBAY. **Samuel Hannock.**

COCK-EYED CENSORS

"Excuse me, sir, if I point out to you an incident from Filmistan's "Paying Guest" which according to my notions is rather undesirable considering the fact that Dev Anand plays a lawyer in this picture. The way he tries to titillate and tease Nutan after the return of the latter from a debate is most unbecoming of a person be-

Balraj Sahani, one of our versatile artistes, gives a good account of himself in a folk role in K. Ahmed Abbas' "Pardesi", a classic tale in colour.

longing to this profession. Again the way he cuckoldises a policeman also befits a pilferer and not a lawyer who is the repository of law and decency in society.

"Already our youth, which is very delinquent, has a delirious craze for the cinema and anything good or bad by their favourite hero on the screen is sure to become a pastime with them. I wonder how our censors whose eyes are extra-puritanic even to the minutest tailor-made bend on the body of an actress happened to ignore this piece of mimicry, a contradiction to decency in society. Was it in a fit of slothful somnolence?"

PATIALA. **S. Manohar.**

WATCHING FROM ABOVE

"It is said that you laugh and the world laughs with you, you weep and you weep alone. But, Mr. Patel, believe me or not I simply shed tears with you while going through your note of obituary on the sad demise of your great father in the May '57 issue of 'filmindia'. Your father's life as depicted through this article entitled "Au Revoir, Dada" will serve as a beacon of light to those who shirk hard work and for whom life is a delusion and this world a wilderness. Even now, though physically not amongst us, he showers his paternal blessings on you and leads kindly light for many of us—amid the encircling gloom!"

CHANDIGARH. **S. P. Singh.**

'JUNGLI' ANNOUNCERS

"Why do most trained announcers at railway stations misuse the microphone, rendering the information they are intended to impart quite unintelligible to listeners? They speak too near the instrument and too loudly, and only produce an irritating noise, valuable facts, being lost."

BOMBAY. **Miss. V. Haresh.**

JOB FOR MAYOR DONDE

"From what one sees of the appearance in front of the Matunga C.R., Railway Station, one will have to conclude that the Bombay Municipality has neither a health department nor officials to enforce sanitary regulations and that the public and the vegetable market-owners are blissfully ignorant of any civic sense on their own part and their responsibility of obeying health rules.

"The neglect of the public and the neglect of the officials have both combined to make that place a veritable hell on earth. The stench emanating from the market place is enough to make anyone sick. But add to this the centrally located public lavatory, about whose maintenance the less said the better, the destitutes and sickly beggars who surround that and have established their 'leper colony' at that place, and last but not the least in importance, the one or two municipal refuse wagons that are permanently stationed there, which scatter their own refuse around rather than collect the refuse in the market place, I doubt very much whether the refuse in those wagons is ever removed beyond the limits of that place.

"Will the health authorities of Bombay Municipality care to take preventive action or will they wait till the unsanitary place becomes a nucleus for spreading disease and epidemic all around?"

BOMBAY. **C. R. Natarajan.**

LET US PRAY

"Thanks are due to 'Judas' who has taken great pains in explaining at length, how you, the publishers, are cheated by Government due to the introduction of the new coinage system, in the May issue of 'filmindia'; and I would like to add that although India has registered an all-round progress after the dawn of independence, the common man is not much concerned with the gigantic achievements of the Government, when his basic requirements, like food, clothing and shelter, still remain to be tackled effectively. The Government would do well to focus its attention on more pressing problems, rather than introduce ornamental and hasty reforms, which are calculated to do good to a section of the community, but are of no avail to the poor, who constitute the bulk of our population and should be the final arbiters of all our actions."

BOMBAY. **K. S. Daryani.**

STILL-BORN CITY

"Chandigarh, the new capital, and the much-talked about city of Punjab is said to be a city of buildings, lights and roads. Chandigarh is also a city about which it can be said 'much cry little wool'! The western-style buildings, the illuminating street lights and the wide, wide roads hold very little charm for the common man.

"Frequent cases of theft and burglary have become a part of normal life at Chandigarh, a city which in the words of Baburao Patel died much before its birth. The houses built are primarily designed to afford a good deal of convenience to the burglars. Only a couple of months ago, more than eleven shops in Sector No. 22, the most crowded shopping centre of Chandigarh, were found unlocked in a single night though luckily much loss was prevented as most of the shops were locked from inside also. In this respect residential quarters are no exception. This is the state of law and order in a capital city like Chandigarh which, they say, is under the very nose of the Punjab Chief Minister, Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon."

JULLUNDUR. **Manohar S. Maker.**

UNAESTHETIC TRAVEL

"On reading your comments about present-day travel in the country in the "Bombay Calling" section of your March issue, the question automatically poses itself: "Why should everything be nationalized?"

"There are certain facilities which a commercial concern provides. One such thing, given by the erstwhile railway companies, was the "Travel As You Like" ticket at very concessional rates which used to attract a large number of tourists. Compare that with the present 'one and a half' fare return ticket with its many limitations. It is not known why the old and popular facility should not be revived.

"Similarly, the previous air companies used to employ charming and smart girls at their booking offices as well as on the aeroplanes so that the travellers felt at home by the friendly behaviour of these girls. Indeed, a friend of mine wrote after visiting Bombay that, "these girls are something which would make any man swim the seven seas to possess". And you say it is not so now.

"If there has to be nationalization, what is the harm in continuing the habits and methods of the private companies which were clearly beneficial to the travelling public? It is time the authorities pondered over these points. Your comments, let us hope, catch the attention of the persons at the helm of affairs."

NEW DELHI. **K. S. S. Narayanan.**

Printed by Yusufali Nensey at the Onlooker Press, Sassoon Dock, Colaba, Bombay 5, and published by him for Sumati Publications Private Ltd., from 55, Sir Phirozeshah Mehta Road, Fort, Bombay.

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WORD
IN
MOTION PICTURE

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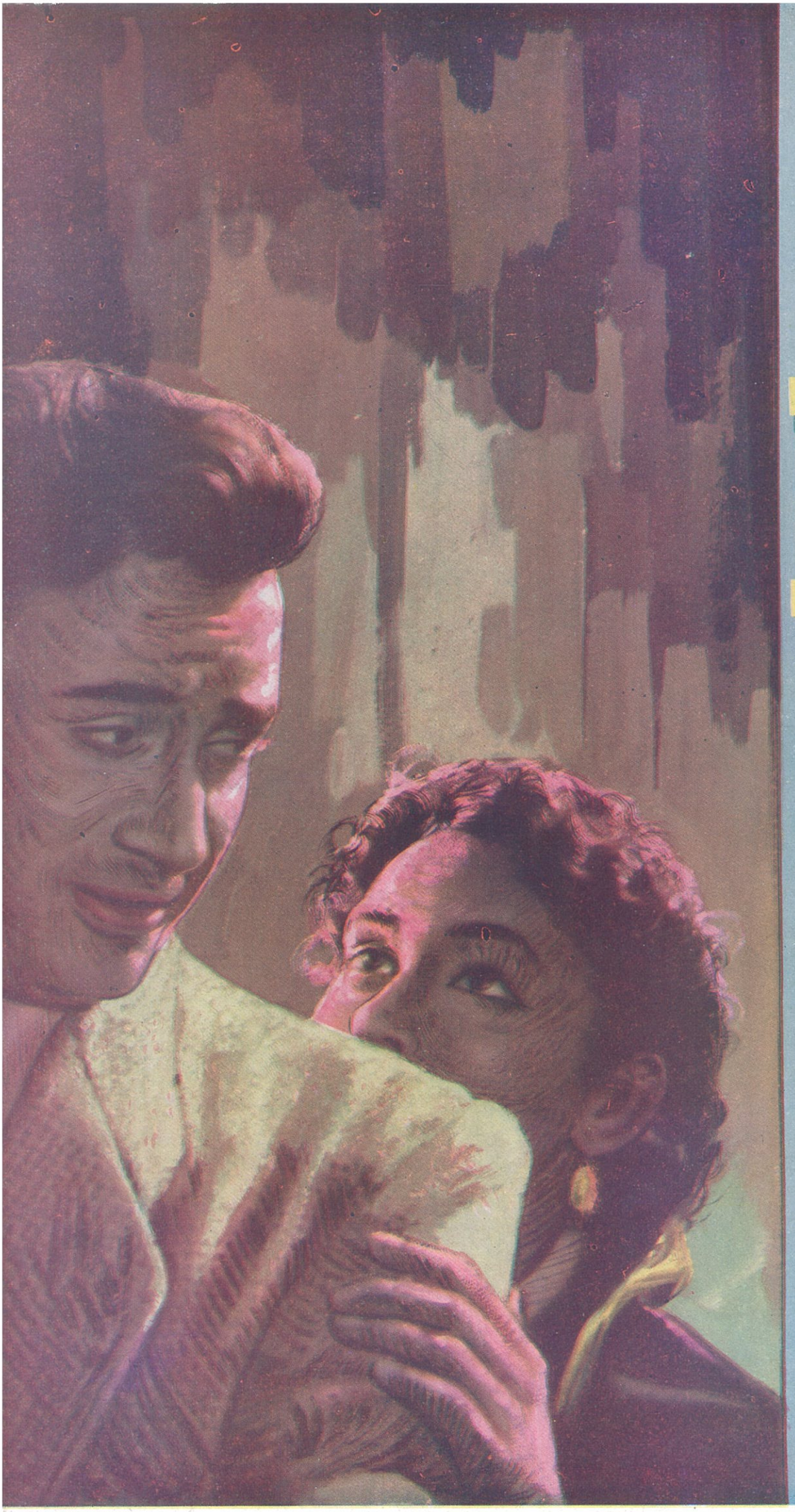

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WRITTEN BY..... Rajinder Singh Bedi
DIRECTION..... Mandi Barman
MUSIC..... S.D. Burman
LYRICS..... Majrooh
PRODUCED BY..... Kanwal Nayyar
PHOTOGRAPHY..... N. Irani

Subhi

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